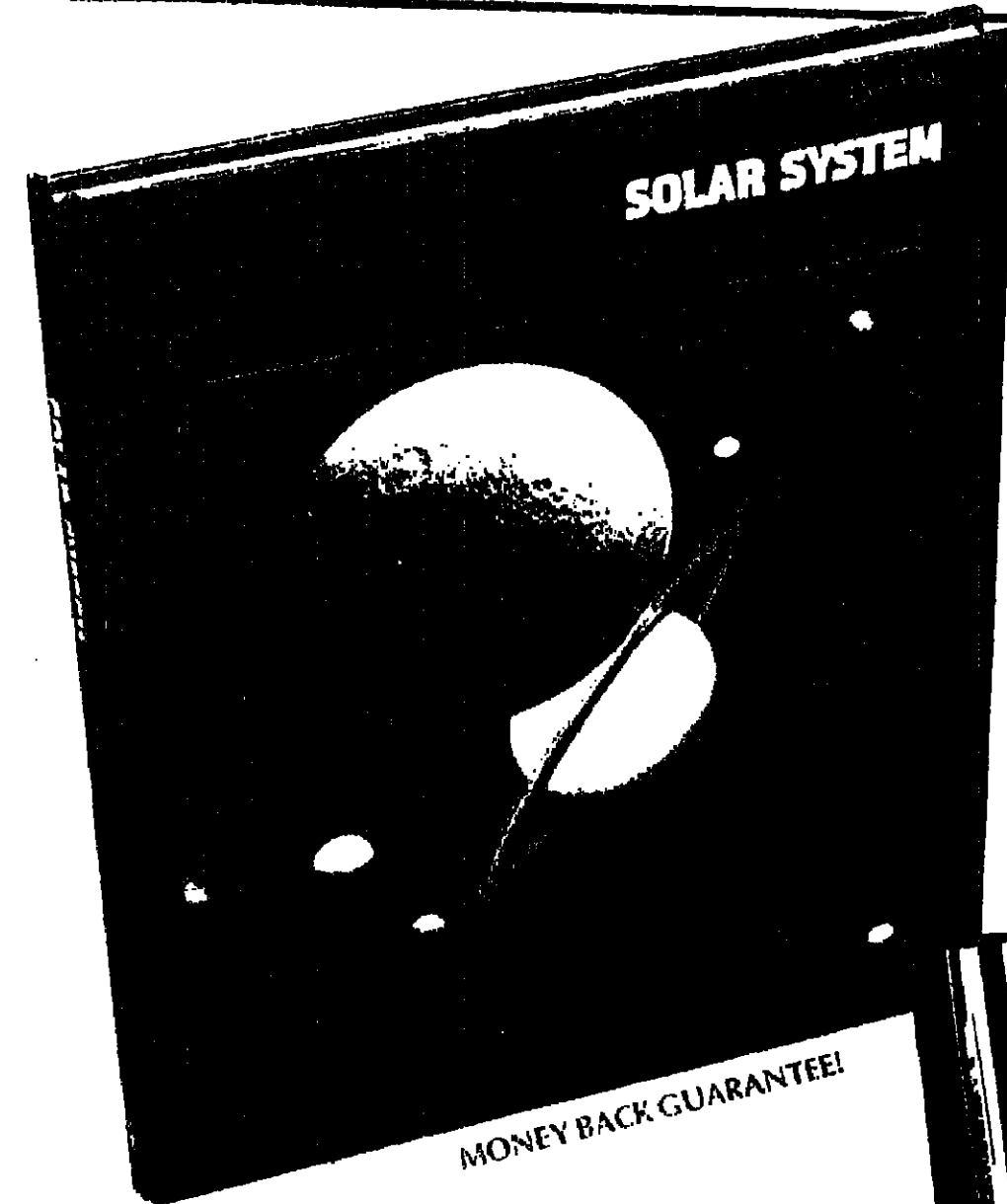


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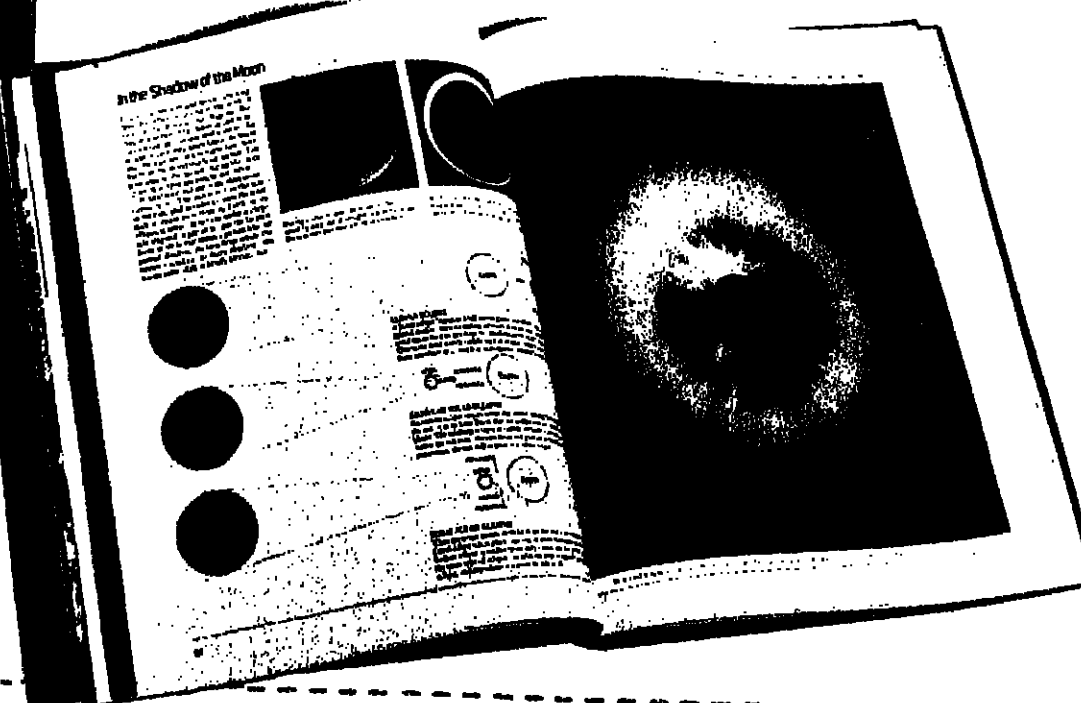
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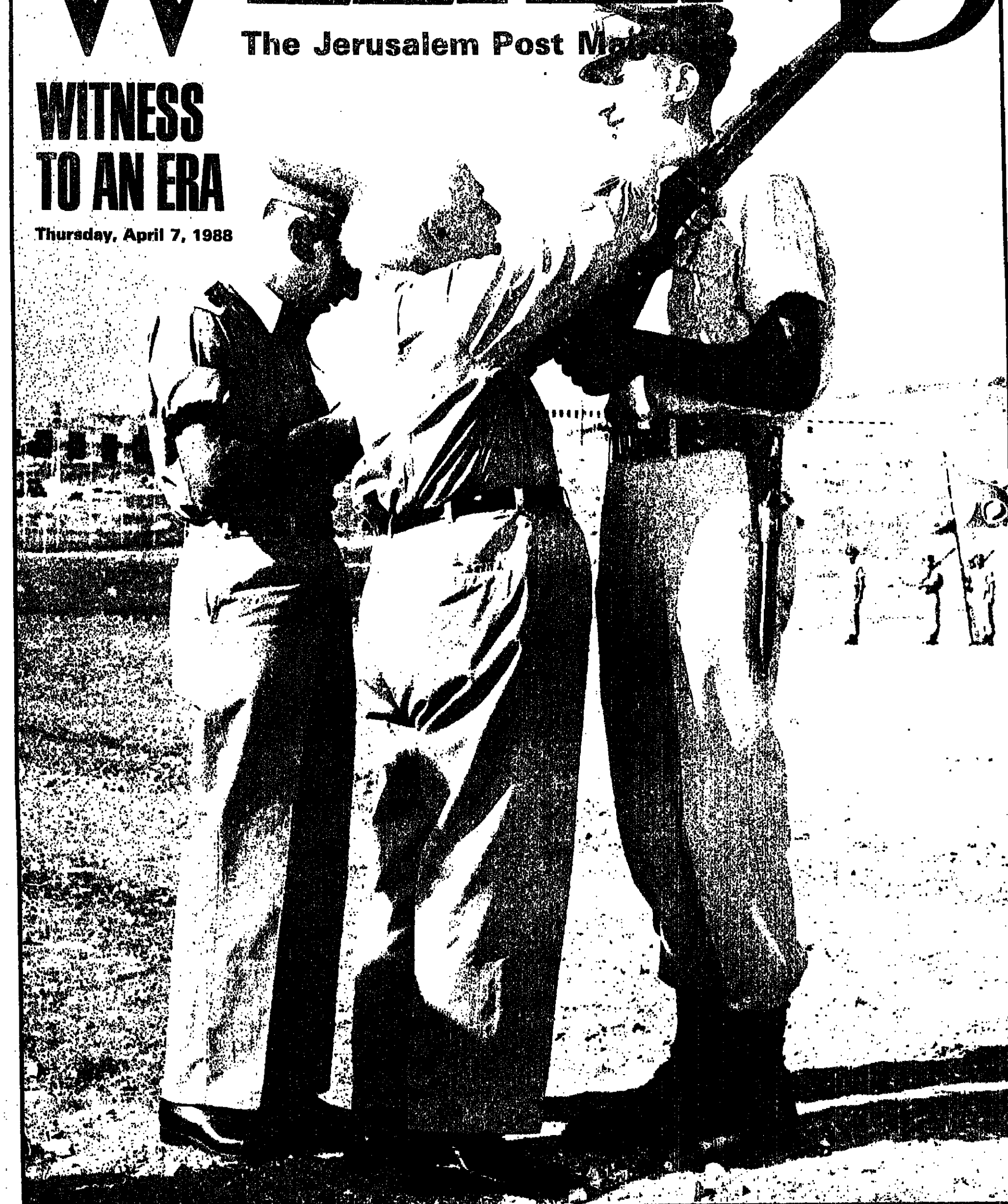
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WEEKEND

The Jerusalem Post Magazine

WITNESS TO AN ERA

Thursday, April 7, 1988



مركز من الأخبار

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On the cover - September 1955, David Ben-Gurion awards Second Lt. bars to outstanding cadet Moshe Levy - the man to become Israel's CoS in the 1980s. Photo by David Rubinger, see story on page 8.

The Jerusalem Post
Weekend Magazine
Editor: Joanna Yohiel
Design: Stephanie Schrager

*The Jerusalem Post 1988
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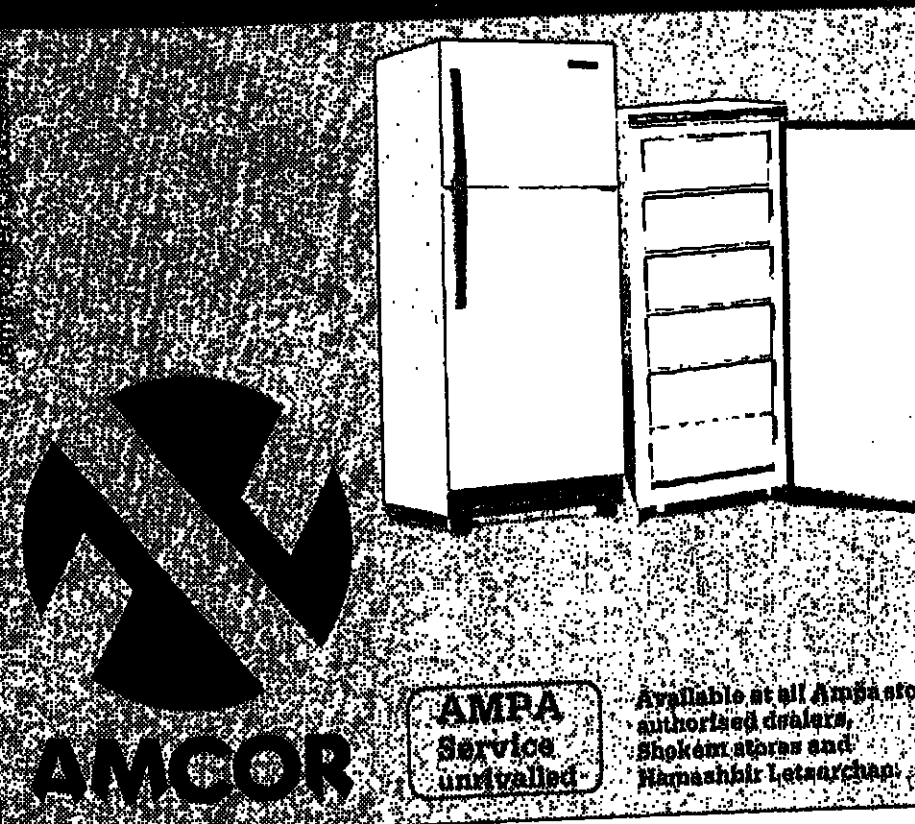
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مکان الیوم

"AT THIS SITE, I was privileged to be with my rifle on my shoulder ready for action. On the day of the birth of the State of Israel... we acquired this national asset - a fortress which will not be conquered."

These words, written on stationery bearing a picture of the National Library on Mt. Scopus where he stood guard, were penned by Dr. Dov Levin, one of the 1948 defenders of the Hebrew University. The letter was addressed to a comrade with whom he had fought as a Lithuanian partisan.

Dov Levin, a native of Kovno, Lithuania, and a graduate of the Schwabe Hebrew high school there, escaped from the ghetto in January 1944 and fought with the partisans until the Nazis were defeated. During the first half of 1945, he made his way from Vilna to Italy on foot, on the tops of trains and in horse-wagons. In October that year he was smuggled into Palestine as one of the *ma'apilim* on Petro II.

Prior to the War of Independence and during its first month, he was stationed at Mt. Scopus as a member of the Palmah. In June he was sworn into the IDF, and served until the armistice agreement was signed in 1949.

Today, Dr. Levin is the director of the Oral History Collection of the Hebrew University's Institute of Contemporary Jewry. A leading authority on the Jews in the Baltic countries and on Jewish resistance during the Holocaust, he has published over 200 articles and numerous books in these fields. His study, *Fighting Back*, for which he was awarded the Yitzhak Sade Prize, appeared in English two years ago.

AN INVETERATE recorder of events from his youth, Dov Levin kept a diary from the time he arrived in this country until he married in 1951.

Selections from his 1947 and 1948 diaries reflect the view of a participant in those climactic months of Israel's history.

November 29, 1947. Will the decision be made tonight? I was hoping that by this time there would be a vote with a favourable majority.

3 a.m. I'm not dozing - academic formulas are still running through my head. In the streets outside - Hallelujah, Hallelujah! It isn't a dream... They're knocking on my door... "Get up! The street's overflowing. We have a state!" I still can't completely grasp "statehood." Outside there's tumult. Is this the throbbing of the state expressing independence?

November 30. The last generation of servitude - the first of redemption. It was my fate to see this vision realized! Dancing, embracing, kissing Golda. Students, labourers, children, all in the streets, a little drowsy but filled with exuberance. Little by little I realize the value of this declaration.

My sacred comrades who fell in unknown places, and my family, were not privileged to witness this day.

JANUARY 1, 1948. University classes have been suspended. No buses, no way of reaching the school.

January 7. At an appropriate but unscheduled hour, in partial darkness, we leave for our training (with the Hagana) in an armoured truck, much like the one in which we left the ghetto.

(At the beginning of February he was given leave from Jerusalem to visit his aunt, a survivor, who had just arrived in the country.)

MOVING TOWARD STATEHOOD

Dr. Dov Levin was one of the defenders of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus in 1948. Extracts from his diaries of those days are selected by David Geffen.



(Left above) The attack on the convoy to Hadassah, Mount Scopus. (Below) Military Police on Mount Scopus. Dov Levin is second from left. (Right) Piano from the dining room of Ramat Rahel, smashed by the Egyptians, photographed after the kibbutz was retaken by the Israelis.

February 1. We are travelling in an armoured-plated bus. No shots on the way to Tel Aviv.

February 3. It's starting to get boring in our Tel Aviv. Everything is beginning to get on my nerves.

February 4. In the Holy City it is calm but suspicion is rife. The Home Guard is checking everything and everyone after the explosion at the P.P. [The Palestine Post] on Hasolei Street.

February 21. In a word, a successful mission, 100 per cent organized. Thus was the besieged road to Gush Etzion opened. It's a long time since I saw so much concentrated weaponry, helmets,

armour-plated vehicles. They absolutely swarmed over the scene. We fly back to Jerusalem almost like birds when the operation is completed.

(On that day, a Saturday, Dov had been a member of a unit sent to bring weapons to Gush Etzion. Taking the Arabs by surprise, the convoy got through quickly, and was followed up the units bringing supplies to the beleaguered settlements. During the next month the siege of the Etzion Bloc was tightened.)

MARCH 21. (This was the day he was drafted to go up to guard on Mt. Scopus.) I am finally going up

there. This will break the boredom and my idle life.

March 25. Purim on Mt. Scopus. On guard at my position. At night a party - Will Haman ever be destroyed?

March 26. Down from Mt. Scopus for three days' leave. Return to my student flat. Eating and drinking at the cooperative restaurant. Joy before the storm.

March 29. The problem of the bread shortage is getting worse. By afternoon no food at all has entered the city.

April 1. We were each served one egg for our main meal. When we tried to eat it, we discovered it was

an empty shell. April Fools!

April 3. There are still 150 patients at the Hadassah. An entire staff of doctors, nurses, workers. With the problems of transportation, it is hard to believe that the hospital is functioning as it is.

Dr. Shulov's lecture on animal society was quite interesting. Even more, the trip to the zoo.

(Dr. Shulov was directing a zoo in the valley between the Augusta Victoria and the Amphitheatre, and the Mt. Scopus guards had to feed the animals.)

April 4. They're transporting (Continued on page 11)

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THE WORLD'S NO 1

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'A birthday trip in hell'

A NEW photo exhibition at Yad Vashem bears the curious title "A Day in the Warsaw Ghetto - A Birthday Trip in Hell." Who was making a trip in the ghetto, and on whose birthday?

The visitor was Wehrmacht Sergeant Heinz Joest, a hotelkeeper in his forties from the town of Langensheim, whose rear-echelon unit was stationed near Warsaw in September 1941.

September 19 was Joest's birthday, and he got the day off. He decided to spend it in the ghetto, taking photographs.

After the war, he returned to his

hotel business. The 129 photos he took on his wartime birthday remained in his house untouched until he came across them in the 1980s, when he was putting his possessions in order following his wife's death.

At some stage after that, he contacted the German magazine *Stern*, which sent one of its editors, Gunther Schwarberg, to interview him.

Joest died two years ago, and *Stern* recently published eight of the photographs, together with a brief text. Schwarberg then sent all the photos and the text of his interview with Joest to Yad Vashem in

To mark Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Day next week, Yad Vashem is opening an exhibit on the Warsaw Ghetto. Ernie Meyer reports.

Jerusalem.

Staff members there immediately recognized the uniqueness of the collection. While there are other film and photo records of the Warsaw Ghetto, they stem largely from official sources and reflect the Germans' contempt for Jews. Here was a record by a gifted amateur photographer whose empathy with the victims comes across clearly.

IN THE *Stern* interview, Joest told Schwarberg that for some time he had noticed the bodies of Jews lying outside the ghetto walls. "On my day off, I entered the ghetto without

difficulty. I wandered around the streets and photographed what I saw. Until then I had known nothing about what was happening behind the walls."

He recounted how he talked to some Jews. When they asked how long things would go on the way they were, he told them: "Soon the war will be over and everything will be all right and you'll go back to your homes."

Joest told how he passed some shops, but they had no food for sale, only laundry powder and pots and pans. "What everything cost and how



much money the ghetto people had, I don't know. I saw people in the street selling potatoes, garlic or celery. People dying of hunger didn't ask me for food, because I was in German uniform. They were lying outside the houses among the dead, whom no one paid attention to any longer.

"A few Jews were still well dressed. It was hard to believe that they, too, were living in the ghetto. During the day, people carried the dead away through the streets on carts. I photographed many common graves in all sorts of places in the ghetto. Lime was poured over the bodies. Every night Jews tried to escape, and their bodies were found in the morning."

Joest also recounted how he had invited some army comrades for supper to help him celebrate his birthday. "I don't want to say how I felt during the meal. I had lost my

appetite."

In his letters home he did not say anything about what he had seen. "I didn't want to upset my family. What sort of world is this, I thought."

He did not tell his comrades, either. "Later on, too, when they burned down the ghetto, we didn't pay any attention."

Joest also recounted how he had invited some army comrades for supper to help him celebrate his birthday. "I don't want to say how I felt during the meal. I had lost my

but each group is introduced by a large panel with quotations from first-hand ghetto reports.

Thus, Mary Berg is quoted from her *Warsaw Ghetto, A Diary*:

"An elderly woman is selling armbands. The cheapest are made of paper, with a printed Star of David; the most expensive are of linen, with a hand-embroidered star and rubber bands. These armbands are much in demand, because when the Germans notice a Jew wearing a crumpled or dirty armband, they beat him at once."

Chaim Kaplan wrote in *The Warsaw Diary*:

"Beggars and paupers have gathered in Warsaw from all parts of the country. There are types the like of which you have never seen. By the thousands they beg for food. They surround you and tug at your sleeve, wherever you turn. At one intersection there is a group of children aged

four to 10. They sing, and their voices are pleasant and their songs permeated with Jewish sorrow and grief. At infrequent intervals someone drops a miserable coin in their hand."

EMMANUEL RINGELBLUM, in his *Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto*:

"In some houses of the very poor, like those on Wolynska Street, whole families are dying. Sometimes it happens that the last member of the family in the apartment dies and his body lies there for days, until the neighbours notice the stench of the decomposing corpse."

"A mother hides the body of a child for a time so as to continue receiving food coupons a little longer. There have been cases where rats gnaw on the corpses."

"The number of orphans is increasing because the grown-ups die first of all, especially the men. Chil-

dren under two don't live long, for the simple reason that there is no milk at all for mothers and babies."

"If the situation goes on like this, the 'Jewish problem' in Warsaw will soon solve itself."

And again from Chaim Kaplan's report:

"The bodies are put in a common grave just as they were picked up: naked and unwashed. Dozens upon dozens of such corpses accumulate each day in the cemetery stables to await burial. A thin layer of earth is spread over the burial pit, but not in sufficient quantity to cover the limbs, which protrude inconspicuously. In darkness they lived, in darkness they died and in darkness they are buried."

"The huge mass graves will remain a national legacy forever. Here lie our 'unknown soldiers,' whom all of us should honour and remember."



"IF YOU want to become a press photographer," I said to David Rubinger, "you have to have wheels." The time was mid-1949 and I was picture editor of *The Palestine Post*. Motor-bikes were then more plentiful than cars, and cheaper. I showed David the second-hand Jawa racer I had just acquired. He went out and came back with a fearsome English Norton, circa 1935. The rest is history.

This week the newly renovated Municipal Museum in the Jerusalem Citadel will be host to a huge retrospective exhibition of Rubinger's stunning photographs. Sponsored by *Time* magazine, for whom Rubinger has worked for decades (he has been on the masthead since 1972), the show tells much of the story of Israel in some 90 pictures culled from Rubinger's computerized archive of three quarters of a million images. Its title: *Witness to an Era*. A whole bevy of top *Time* brass have arrived for the opening, in an unprecedented salute to this brilliant and courageous photo-journalist.

All the 11 photographs used in *Time*'s unusually large cover story marking 40 years of achievement and conflict in Israel were taken by Rubinger.

Notwithstanding his nearly 40 years with *Time* and *Life*, Rubinger has long been connected with *The Jerusalem Post*, even serving for a time as its picture editor. By the time we changed our name, in 1950, he was contributing news pictures regularly, along with other German-speaking Jerusalem freelancers like Fred Casnik, Eitrim Ilan, Werner Braun, Fritz Schlesinger, Kurt Meyerowitz, Edgar Hirschman and Rolf Kuebler. Despite the competition, the group were all friends who saw each other socially, speaking English only when I was drinking with them. What with Boris Carmi, Andy Anderman, Paul Goldhamer, Oskar Tauter and Ludwig Jonas in Tel Aviv and Haifa, Rubinger recalls that all the early meetings of the first Israeli Press Photographers Association were held in German.

Meir Ronnen

"DITI" RUBINGER was born in Vienna in 1924, only child of an industrial metals supplier who was caught in a Nazi street roundup of Jews only a month after the Anschluss.

Rubinger senior was sent to Dachau, then to Buchenwald, and released when his wife managed to get him a British visa, though the British consul declined to give her one, too, on the grounds that she was not in any immediate danger. The father hurriedly sent his wife and son visas from Britain, but war broke out before Rubinger's mother could leave. Young Rubinger had already decided to make for Palestine, and thanks to Youth Aliya he managed to sail from Italy before that country stabbed France in the flank. His mother was deported from Vienna in 1942 and never seen again.

Rubinger was sent to Kibbutz Beit Zera and later to Tel Amal and Nir David. In 1942 he enlisted in 178 Transport Company of the Royal Army Service Corps, an all-Palestinian unit commanded by Major Wellesly Aron and attached to Britain's Eighth Army in the Western Desert. At the end of 1943 the company was incorporated into the Jewish Brigade Group as its transport unit, seeing action against the Germans in Italy and eventually pursuing them northwards. By then Rubinger had learned to ride a motorbike.

WITNESS TO AN ERA

A photographer's eye - David Rubinger



(Above) A hero's welcome for the Entebbe pilots, 1976. (Below) Russian immigrants upon arrival in Arad, 1971.

His introduction to photography came while on leave, when a grateful French girl gave him a U.S.-made 35mm Argus camera. In Occupied Germany he also acquired a German 35mm Leica in return for some NAAFI cigarettes and coffee, the sort of tiny weapon with which Erich Salomon had pioneered in taking candid shots of the likes of Josef Goebbels and Pierre Laval, in the days before the Nazis took over the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* and the Ulstein empire. Rubinger recalls that all the leading Ulstein photographers had been Jews. Many of them got to the States and *Life* magazine; others, like Jerusalem's Tim Gidal, made it to England and *Picture Post*. But the great Salomon died in a concentration camp.

Rubinger made another important acquisition in Occupied Germany: his wife, Ann, a survivor of Auschwitz, and also his cousin, whom he found in a DP camp in Gelsenkirchen. They were the first Jewish couple to be married in post-war Germany, but the British Army's anti-fraternization order prevented his being issued an overnight pass. His platoon commander simply ordered him to keep out of his sight for a week. Rubinger's unit played a major role in transferring Jewish survivors to illegal-immigrant ships.

DISCHARGED in Palestine in

1946, Rubinger got a job as storeman with the Mandatory veterinary service at Jerusalem's Palace Hotel and in 1947 sold his first pictures, snaps of British troops unrolling barbed wire, taken when he was trapped inside a British security zone.

His first clients were neighbours who wanted the snaps as souvenirs. During the siege of Jerusalem, Rubinger became commander of a platoon fighting in the Mamilla area and on Mt. Zion; they later took Ein Kerem.

After the war he and Ann opened a photo shop in Julian's Way, now King David Street, where I was one of their first customers. The shop did not prosper and Rubinger began to think seriously about becoming a full-time press photographer.

Much of Rubinger's early work for *The Post* documented the waves of immigration and the trials of absorption via the *ma'barot*, the tent and shanty camps in which many thousands of newcomers lived in their first months or years in Israel. Some of these photos are on view in his show, and they also express the joy and optimism of the period. His first real school, he recalls, was Uri Avneri's lively weekly, *Haolam Hazeh*, where he was a staff member from 1951 till 1953. Then he spent a year with *Yediot Aharonot*. Rubinger's first big international breaks came when he shot the 1954 Kastner

ENTERTAINMENT

The Jerusalem Post Magazine

IN FILM, as in every other art, there is form and content. Ideally, they should complement each other; they are equally important and neither is supposed to suffer at the expense of the other. That, of course, is the ideal.

In practice, it doesn't very often happen that way. We get empty formal shells, or formless pretentious ideas, and more often than not, the shells are broken and the ideas suspect. With *The Dreamers*, Uri Barabash was so concerned with content, that he didn't pay enough attention to form.

The Dreamers is a very serious, I would say even humourless, ideological metaphor taking place immediately after World War I. A group of young Jewish intellectuals, disenchanted with Western civilization, decides to start all over again in a new country, where they can lay the foundations of a new and better society.

In the process, they ignore some basic facts: for instance, that the land they have chosen is already inhabited, and that if they wish to succeed, it is absolutely essential that they find some means of reaching an understanding with these people.

They also fail to take into account human nature, which is like trying to build a perfect house, without the proper bricks. Such a house doesn't have much of a future, and in the same way, a society which rejects the needs of its members, addressing instead only the needs of the community, isn't very sound.

It is also true, even if there are those who deplore the fact, that the art of living and the art of compromise are inseparable, unless you are a hermit. Fanatics won't compromise, and by insisting on absolute ideas and values, even if sublime, they are bound to bring upon themselves and upon all those who follow them, total destruction.

There is nothing wrong with all these notions that Barabash puts forward in his film. One couldn't agree with him more. But ideas, even the best ones, don't make a film. For that you need credible characters and action: emotional, physical, psychological, or all three, if possible. And that's exactly where Barabash has difficulty delivering.

What happens is that the ideas become more important than the characters carrying them. The story of the Jewish settlers who are determined to stick to their principles, foolishly forgetting that they are no longer in a Viennese salon or in a Polish *shtetl*, is not really fleshed out.

The settlers are uneasy with one another and with the one person who could help them, a Jew born and bred in their new location, who is familiar with environment and the conditions in this part of the world. There is conflict with the Arabs which degenerates into war, and the aborted attempts to establish a dialogue, because of the stubborn fanaticism of both sides.

These scenes provide for lots of emotional outbursts, but they are not effective because the characters have not been accurately defined. Consequently, they become pawns, moved not by their own thoughts and urges, but by a manipulator whose texts and whims they carry.

Drama requires the writer to disappear behind the characters he has



(Above) Kelly McGillis meets her match in *The Dreamers*. (Below) Christopher Lambert, Paul Wincott and John Turturro prepare to settle a score with the traitorous harbor in *The Sicilian*.

Ideas don't make a film

Focus on film
Dan Fainaru

created. They must have an existence, a logic and a personality of their own. This does not happen here.

Barabash evidently conveyed the importance of his message to his cast, and they perform accordingly. While the story takes place many years ago, the intention is very much to discuss the present. And for audiences abroad, who are possibly less interested in cinematic achievements and more curious about contemporary Israel, this could be an interesting item.

Arnon Tzadok is the strongest presence on the screen, perhaps because he is comfortable with the part he plays, that of the pragmatic Palestinian Jew whose help is not rightfully appreciated by the community. He isn't saddled with the same kind of ideological burden that weighs the others down.

Barabash may have problems with his audience. Even those who agree with him, will have difficulty with the preaching. If I dare venture a guess, I would say the intransigence of the characters has rubbed off on Barabash. Like them, he felt human nature shouldn't stand in the way of ideas.

He may be a stickler for detail, capable of raising passions in his performers, but he forgot that the passion should be theirs, not his.

However, let me add one thing. As I mentioned, this is a metaphor. While the story takes place many years ago, the intention is very much to discuss the present. And for audiences abroad, who are possibly less interested in cinematic achievements and more curious about contemporary Israel, this could be an interesting item.

WHEN MICHAEL CIMINO made his first film, *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, it was obvious that he was a gifted filmmaker. With *Deer Hunter*, the initial promise was more than fulfilled and the first seeds of megalomania were sown. They blossomed to gigantic proportions in *Heaven's Gate* and like the monstrous plant in *Little Shop of Horrors*, devoured the company that produced it.

Cimino argued that his film was bigger than life while his producers were smaller, and some of those who sat through all four-and-a-half

hours of the original version were convinced that it was a masterpiece.

In another of his films, *The Year of the Dragon*, the spectacle was as impressive as ever, but the moral basis behind it was suspicious, to say the least.

Now, with *The Sicilian*, Cimino has taken another step sideways, and fallen into ridicule. Again there are scandals with the producer (Dino de Laurentis) over the final cut. The full version is over four hours long, but the Americans are viewing less than two hours, while we and the Europeans are getting two hours and 20 minutes.

The Sicilian is the story of Salvatore Giuliano, the bandit who antagonized both the law and the Mafia in Sicily before, during and immediately after World War II. The film starts off with one strike against it, because Giuliano has already been the subject of a brilliant film by Francesco Rossi, probably one of the best political films ever made.

Cimino knew this and maintained that while Rossi had dealt with the man's life, he was dealing with the man's dreams. But this isn't true. Rossi dealt with the effect of

Giuliano on post-war Italy, while the man himself remained a mystery, just like he did in life. Cimino, on the other hand, deals with a visionary, who thinks he is Robin Hood, Jesus Christ and the Lone Ranger all rolled into one.

He steals from the rich to feed the poor, because he wants them to love him. He won't make deals with the Mafia and won't defer to the law, and makes sure that this is covered in detail by the media. He wants Sicily out of Italy and even suggests that the U.S. annex it as its 49th state (at the time there were only 48).

To make some sense out of the man, you must either take Rossi's approach, that is, to offer the few available solid facts, add the legends and show what all this did to the Sicilians. Or, you can weave the slender threads you have on his life and come up with the grandiloquent, operatic, multi-national venture Cimino has laid on us.

Cimino's film simply doesn't hold together. It looks fake from the very beginning, the plot jumps around, there is no proper foundation for any of the characters and the international cast deprives the picture of its last shreds of credibility.

Joss Ackland is indeed a great talent, but he doesn't look, act or talk like the *don* he is supposed to play. Barbara Sukova appears in the beginning and at the end but strangely disappears during most of the picture, which could do very well without her - unless she is supposed to represent the American glamour which Giuliano fancied, in which case the choice of the actress is ludicrous.

Terrence Stamp applies a kind of somnolent dignity to the part of a prince who refuses to share his land with the peasants, his main activity being occasional rides in the countryside, and listening to records, preferably *Don Carlos*.

But the worst problem Cimino has with his cast is Christopher Lambert. He looks and acts like a younger Belmondo, with a messianic mania. His range of expressions is so sadly limited that you suspect he is just walking through.

It is quite possible that all that footage that was not included in the final cut could have given the film more consistency, and elaborated further on relationships and acts which are referred to rather than shown here. But no amount of footage would make this film homogeneous, given the variety of acting styles and funny accents used by each member of the cast offering his own version of Italianate English.

As for the parallels between Giuliano and Christ spread throughout the picture, from his magical resurrection to his final demise by the most faithful of his followers, if the Vatican doesn't complain, why should we?

Finally, Cimino the showman, who has always stunned his audience with the size of the spectacle, falls short in this picture. He certainly tries, notably in a nightclub scene, and towards the end, on a larger scale, in a peasant demonstration organized by the Communist party before elections. But his heart doesn't seem to be in it. The sweep and impetuosity of *Heaven's Gate* or *The Year of the Dragon* are missing, and there is nothing instead. A pity, but that's it.



VERA ELBERT, the *Nightingale of Leningrad*, has arrived in Israel with her 11-year-old son after seven years as a refusenik. She was given the appellation because of her untiring efforts in bringing Hebrew music to her fellow refuseniks. "The Soviets tried to silence me in many ways, but you know how difficult it is to stop a bird from singing," she said in fluent Hebrew.

Elbert began her musical studies at the Pedagogical Institute in Leningrad, where she learned violin and opera singing. She passed her examinations, but unable to find employment as a professional singer, she worked in a photographer's studio, illustrating albums with watercolor scenes of Leningrad while "as a hobby, I sang arias at the homes of friends."

Then one night in 1981, "I was invited to a concert of Hebrew songs by a group known as *Lehayim* at the home of a refusenik. Their songs were geared towards Zionist ideology, and even though I found their stance a little too propagandist and confrontational, I knew then and there that I wanted to join this group. But first I needed to study the Hebrew language and listen to as many Hebrew songs as possible."

She began by listening to "black market" tapes.

"Someone from America or Israel would bring a cassette and that would be recorded on poor-quality tapes and played on old recorders. Then someone would make a tape from that tape, and from that tape yet another, and so on, so that by the time it got to me, it was about sixth hand."

"Another method we used was to encourage visitors to sing for us, then we would record them. Although they weren't professional singers, we were able to figure out how the melody ought to sound, and with a little improvisation, we were able to reconstruct the song."

"In any case, we formed a repertoire of Hebrew songs - some cantorial but mainly modern Israeli - and started to arrange concerts. You have to understand that a 'concert' meant our group and about 20 listeners in a private apartment. I was surprised at the number of Jewish people - not only refuseniks - who would risk having us perform in their homes."

Her repertoire of some 20 songs

Nightingale here to sing



Former refusenik Vera Elbert, the 'Nightingale of Leningrad,' arrived in Israel.

included *Dona Dona*, *Lu Yeli*, *Hosha*, *Entalpyus*, *Luch Yerushalayim*, and a setting of Bulik's poem, *El Hatzippur*.

After about a year with *Lehayim*, Elbert began to fall out with them, for they seemed to her to be going out of their way to "stir up trouble." So she found a second singer, Alina Migdal, and a pianist, Michael Rabinovich, and formed her own group.

INSPIRED BY her songs, which stressed the love of the Land, in 1981 she applied to emigrate - and, like those for whom she sang, she became a refusenik. As proof that she had already settled in Israel she had arranged a false set of documents linking her with a Moroccan living in Tel Aviv.

"The authorities, however, were not fooled, and denied me permission. My former husband, by whom I have a child, also refused to let us leave."

In addition to performing, she continued to study Hebrew in makeshift *ulpanim*. She is particularly proud of two of her teachers - Roald

(Alik) Zelichenok, who was imprisoned for his efforts *Jerusalem Post*, Aug. 15, 1985) and Nellie Shepizman, the widow of Yuri, who died in Vienna en route to Israel (*The Post*, May 11, 1987).

"I studied Hebrew for about four years. Then it was my turn to teach it. Just like passing on the tapes, now it was my turn to pass on my knowledge to the next group."

Her trio sang until 1982, when "a heavy repression" started. "You must understand that there is always some form of repression, it just depends how severe," she said, gestulating to illustrate the ebb and flow of Soviet displeasure.

IN 1982 it was serious enough for members of *Lehayim* to be arrested. Elbert's group persevered and gave a concert for Purim, but after that, the pressure became too intense and Rabinovich left them. She spent a year looking for a pianist to replace him, but finally gave up the search and the group disbanded.

"Can you imagine trying to encourage someone to join us? No salary, no recognition - just *tsores*."

Did this mean the end of her singing career?

"Of course not! I learned to play the guitar and went solo. By Hanukka 1983, I had given my first solo concert."

The network of Hebrew singers had become so efficient that in 1984, when the situation became less intolerant, she and others held a festival of Hebrew songs in Riga.

Given the official Soviet attitude to "ethnic celebrations," how was it possible to give a concert?

"It was held in a forest, at the home of one of our supporters. Still, there was always the fear that the KGB would find us out."

"Once they actually did 'invite' me to their offices. One of my Hebrew students had informed on me, and I was told very politely to stop playing. They even read me the specific paragraph of the law that I was breaking and under which I would be charged. It was the law about disseminating propaganda damaging to Russia."

What effect did this warning have on her?

"I told them just as politely that I

simply couldn't stop singing, that it was my life. They let me go, and when I returned to work the next day, I was fired."

In 1985, her schedule became even fuller, and she visited refuseniks in Odessa, Kishinev and Bendery, in Moldavia.

"I had decided to go to Bendery because I wanted to pay my respects to Ida Nudel, but she was in Moscow at the time getting medical treatment, and I missed her. After this trip, I was fired from my second job."

"My bravest - or most reckless - effort was an impromptu concert that I and a few others gave outside the Odessa prison. We were protesting the trial of Ya'acov Levin, which was then in progress. For some reason I still don't understand, the authorities let us finish without arresting us. However, I was fired from my third job."

THE FOLLOWING year, a plan was devised to help Elbert and her young son leave the Soviet Union. She married Jan Anderson, a Swedish citizen who had volunteered to come to Leningrad specifically for this humanitarian purpose.

"He was in Russia for only six days. It took him two days to meet me, two days to receive the proper documents, and two days to marry me. After the wedding reception, he left and I never saw him again."

Almost immediately after their marriage, a law was passed that made permission from the KGB necessary for a Soviet citizen to marry a foreign national.

The other obstacle to obtaining a visa - her former husband's refusal - was quietly removed through certain financial inducements offered by an American-Jewish organization.

"Then one day it came." And she and the boy left as quickly as they could, arriving in Israel last week.

Now that she is here, what are Vera Elbert's plans?

"I told the KGB when they interrogated me that I had to go on singing. I still feel that way. I'm going to find some work in Israel at the professional level, perhaps teaching at a music academy."

"Otherwise, you'll see me singing in the streets, in the squares, wherever there's enough space for my guitar and me."

Rock, etc. Gilead Limor

OUR COUNTRY'S current internal affairs are not doing anyone any good these days. Leaving politics aside, the outlook for local cultural events this year seems dismal as compared to 1987.

We started off 1988 on the right foot but since then, the cancellations have begun to mount. The megarock group Pink Floyd called off their Israeli tour shortly after it was announced; the Israel Festival, Jerusalem has been somewhat "rearranged" as well. In a situation like this, the motto is "Grab what you can - and enjoy it."

Under this category is Tuxedomoon, a San Francisco band from the late Seventies which has enjoyed a renewed surge of interest during the past year. The group will appear here once, thus ending their 10th anniversary world tour.

Over the past decade, Tuxedomoon has been through more personnel changes than most bands. The current four line-up brings back several ex-members including vocalist and multi-instrumentalist, Blaine

Seventies style

Reininger, and drummer Paul Zall. Other members of the band are guitarist/keyboardist Peter Principal, and winds and keyboards player Steven Brown. At this point, negotiations are underway to bring the group's original vocalist, Winston Tongue, back into the fold.

Tuxedomoon may not really be your cup of tea. In fact, the group will probably attract only a few fans here in Israel. Through a halo of strange electronic effects and monotonous themes, they attempt to create music in the tradition of early Brian Eno and Talking Heads, while blending in their own textures. The result is not satisfactory and sounds more like the futile attempts of weirdos Sigur Sigur Sputnik.

But if you like 'be cacophony of



Guitar and bouzouki virtuoso Yehuda Poliker: on the road again.

experimental music, an evening with Tuxedomoon may be for you. The group will perform at the Tel Aviv Cinema on April 16.

COMING BACK down to earth, guitar and bouzouki virtuoso Yehuda Poliker is returning to the local scene in a new concert tour with the same name as his recent album, *Ashes and Dust*.

Poliker has kept himself very much in the public eye since the release of his previous album *These Eyes of Mine*, appearing with various Israeli artists. His most recent backing performance was with Arik Einstein on "Convoy Song," from the latter's album *On the Verge of Light*.

Now Poliker is back on stage, presenting a variety of songs, old and new. Joining him are guitarist Erez Notz, guitarist Haim Romano, bassist Itai Zilber, keyboardist Uri Miles and drummer Nir Zedkiya. Their first performance will take place in Kfar Menachem this Tuesday, April 12.



Tamir Cohen (Jacobson)

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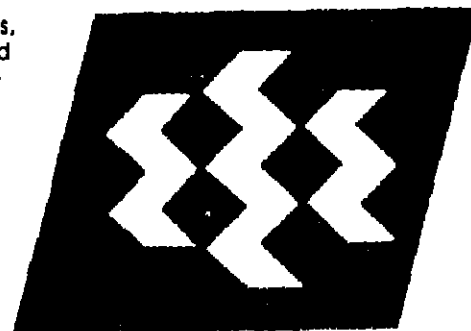
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This Week in Israel • Th

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VISITORS: Please note summer hours below.

MUSEUM HOURS

Visiting Hours: Main Museum - Sun, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 10 am - 5 pm, Tues, 4 - 10 pm (Shrine of the Book & Art Garden 10 am - 10 pm); Fri, 10 am - 10 pm; Holiday days 10 am - 2 pm, Sat, & Holidays 10 am - 4 pm
Library: Sun, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 10 am - 5 pm; Tues, 4 - 8 pm
Graphics Study Room: Daily 11 am - 1 pm, except Tues, 4 - 8 pm.

THE WEISBERG EXHIBITION PAVILION

The Pavilion opens with three new exhibitions:
The Weisberg Collection: Old Masters from Early Modern painting & sculpture, Van Abbe Museum Collection, European & US art from the last two decades.
David Ben-Gurion - "The Jew" Mark in situ
Cholovitch & Early Contemporary: Public include objects uncovered at new excavation sites throughout Israel which will be shown to the public for the first time.
Currently on Exhibition at the Main Museum:
Confrontation and Confirmation: Some Aspects of Connoisseurship in Prints and Drawings
The Mac Englewood Collection: The Stepietz Collection, Masterpieces in Jewish Art (Last day April 9) • David Ben-Gurion • Julian Schnabel • Chinese Snuff Bottles • Exquisite Sheng • News in Antiquities •
Special Exhibits: Pharaohs of Egypt • From Dynasty to Dynasty
PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS OF ARCHAEOLOGY, HERITAGE, ETHNIC ART AND SHRINE OF THE BOOK WITH THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

Main Museum - Sun, Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 11 am, Sat, 3 pm, Tues, 4:30 pm
Shrine of the Book - Sun 1:30 pm, Tues 3 pm
Archaeology Galleries - Mon 3 pm, Wed, 1:30 pm, Judaea & Heritage - Thurs 3 pm

ALL ACTIVITIES IN HEBREW UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED

SPECIAL EVENTS
Sat, Apr 9, 12 noon: Gallery Talk, Einchev Collection (Weisberg Pavilion)
Sun, Apr 10, 4 pm: Stories for 6-10 year-olds (Ticho House), 2 - 5 pm: Portrait of My Mom (Roth Youth Wing)
Mon, Apr 11, 8:30 pm: Many Faces of Love - Concert (Ticho House)
Tues, Apr 12, 6 pm: Gallery Talk, Israel Art; 7 pm: Gallery Talk, Confrontation & Confirmation, Mera Perry-Lehmann, Curator

FILM CLUB (In English or with English subtitles) Note change in times!
Sat, Apr 9, 9 pm and Thurs, April 14, 7 & 9 pm: My Life as a Dog (Sweden 1986)

YOUTH WING (Hours same as Museum)
Feinstein Recycling Room: Mon, Wed 2 - 5 pm, Tues 4 - 7 pm, Mon 3 - 4 pm Workshop in Hebrew, Wed 3 - 4 pm Workshop in English
Portrait of My Mom - Sun, Tues 2 - 5 pm, Tues, 4 - 7 pm
"MIMI" Ben-Zvi Teachers' Training Center (Tel. 698260 for details)
Youth Wing Library: Sun, Mon, Wed, Thurs 2 - 5 pm, Tues 4 - 7 pm

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL (ROCKEFELLER) MUSEUM Sun - Thurs 10 am - 5 pm, Fri, Sat, 10 am - 2 pm, Guided tour in English: Sun & Wed, 11 am.
Greek & Roman Sculpture: Brummer Collection
Crusader Art - Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem sculpture from the 12th-13th C.

PALEY CENTER - Exhibition: Traditional Arab Handicrafts

TICHO HOUSE
7 Harav Kook Street (Sun, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 10 am - 5 pm; Tues, 10 am - 10 pm; Fri, and holiday days 10 am - 2 pm, Sat, & Holidays closed).
Special Exhibition of Anna Ticho's Powers and Trees

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ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM (02) 282251 TICHU HOUSE (02) 245068.

Nature

Clutter & litter

D'vora Ben Shaul



THE ANCIENT PEOPLES who created the English language lived in close affinity with the world of nature. Herdsmen, husbandmen, gamekeepers and hunters, they devised a rich plethora of special words to describe the animals around them. No other language is said to be so rich in special appellations for the young of various species or in special words for these animals in the collective form.

Because the English language derived from multiple roots the texture of its expressions became even richer. Some of these words are highly descriptive of either the physical characteristics of the animals, their behaviour, the sounds they make or, in some cases, their emotional relationship to humankind. Therefore we have a cluster of kittens (but a clowder of cats), a litter of piglets or puppies, a brood of chicks, a kindle of rabbits and a piping of plovers. Some describe the animals in their actions and thus we get a crash of rhinos, a sounder of boars (but a drift of swine), a leap of leopards, a leash of hounds (or a mute), a chattering of choughs, a colony of owls, a drove of cattle or sheep (or a herd), a cete (or set) of badgers, a muster of peacocks, a boy of quail, a brace of ducks or partridge, a cast of hawks, a siege of cranes, a congregation of plovers and a skittering of squirrels.

Then there are the collectives that describe an overall impression, a bed of clams or oysters, a down of leversets (but a hush of hares), a knot of toads, a shoal of fish, a cloud (or horde or tribe) of gnats, a skein of geese and a swarm or grist of bees as well as a pasture of conies or rabbits.

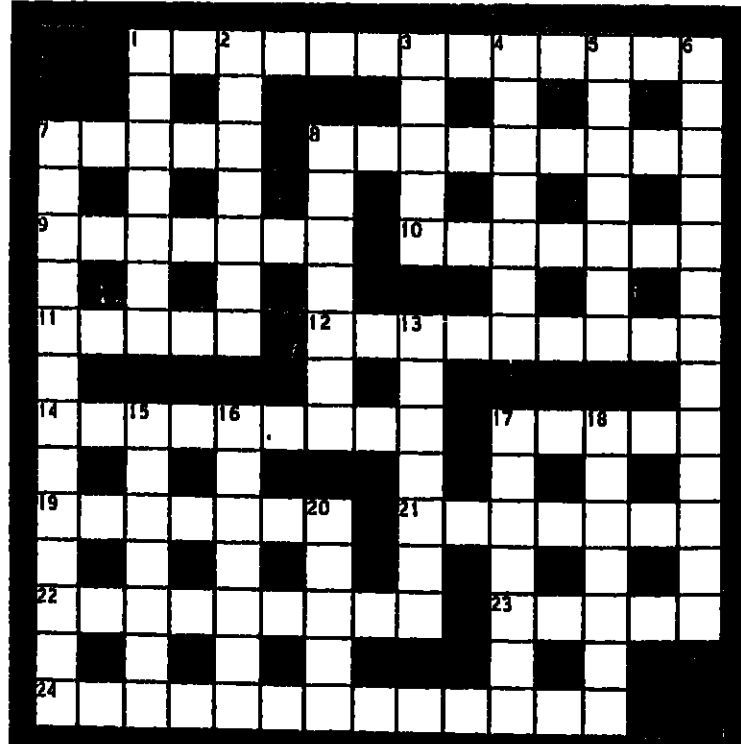
But among the most evocative are the collectives for those animals that humans feared, disliked or were suspicious of. Some of these words seem to be totally pejorative. There's a skulk of foxes, a sleuth of bears, a mob of gorillas, a gang of elks, a mob of kangaroos, a pit (or a hiss) of vipers, a murder of crows and an unkindness (or unfriendliness) of ravens.

These ancient framers of the language were not, however, without an appreciation of beauty and have left some of their emotional reactions in other animal collectives. What could be more evocative than a pride of lions, a watch of nightingales, a flight of larks, a sleek of swallows, a dipping of swallows, a charm of goldfinches or, if you will, an exaltation of larks.

Crosswords

Two-in-one

- ACROSS**
- Expected a full attendance at such a show? (6,7)
 - Put on the spot, David being converted (5)
 - Induced to be presented (7,2)
 - Painless, American remake of "Republic" (7)
 - Back on board a "Queen", finds it even more grim (7)
 - Bunches of hands involved in a fight (5)
 - Giving stamp of authority to national affairs? (6,4)
 - As often to hofen spiel like thud on the head? (4,5)
 - The length of the Bible? (5)
 - Hol, Reg, Ted and Eric first get welcomed. (7)
 - by Alex, and run round show-up some energy (7)
 - The great movers and shakers of the TUC? (6)
 - Spears with fish pole (5)
 - Member of the hospital set tries heart transplant (7,6)
- DOWN**
- Craftsmen in charge of earth-moving equipment (7)
 - Passes away after shoot out in the garden with friends (7)
 - Toy revolvers for children (5)
 - Take care to do the other thing (7)
 - Powerful tennis smash to centre of net (7)
 - Steel greens or chop both will be stuck here (7,6)
 - Flag waving NCOP? (5,8)
 - Underwear for girl child's horse, journalist shot a line about (7)
 - They help households run by boys? (7)
 - Can't provide issue of "Contingent" free (7)
 - Passage from Tax Cert. (as amended) (7)
 - Hammer put on a stone for fight here (7)
 - Tradesman about to provide bangers with meat? (7)
 - No Red revolutionary, and certainly not Labour supporter! (6)



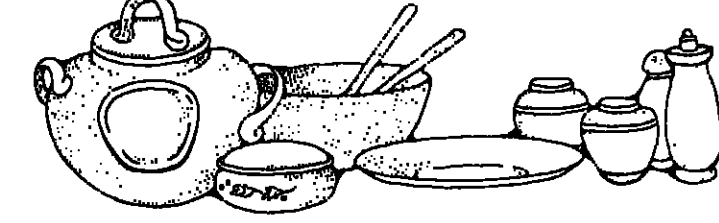
Quickie

- ACROSS**
- Old goal (7,6)
 - Situations (5)
 - Constellation (5,4)
 - Ornate ships (7)
 - Ninepin (7)
 - Tres liquid (6)
 - Heavy guns (6)
 - Pushes down (8)
 - Righteous (6)
 - They rule (7)
 - Decum, finally (5,2)
 - Non-members (9)
 - Transactions (6)
 - He invents clothes (5,8)
- DOWN**
- Stinging plants (7)
 - Cowboy film (7)
 - Vessels (6)
 - Now hunting (7)
 - Rugby stick (7)
 - Foraki learners (7,6)
 - Mutawet (7,6)
 - They talk too much (3,4)
- ACROSS:** 1 Penny, 4 Truit, 10 Majors, 11 Brown, 13 Style, 13 Eleinte, 16 Rely, 17 Vinyl, 18 Brown, 22 Beer, 26 Gate-paw, 27 Net-in, 20 Purg, 30 Renown, 31 Amung, 32 Clerk.
DOWN: 2 Enjoy, 3 Nursery, 5 Rider, 6 Herate, 7 Sunnah, 8 Hazel, 9 Impel, 14 Lyre, 16 Kiba, 18 Interim, 20 Anzual, 21 Senge, 23 Powers, 24 Koola, 26 Preen, 28 Tower.

Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

Mifgash Hashoshana, 3 Rehov Yanai, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-228898. Open noon and evening except Shabbat. Kosher. (All credit cards.)

Out with the lads



THE FIRST Kurdish restaurant I reviewed in these columns was a tiny place in a hard-to-find corner of Jerusalem's Mahaneh Yehuda market. It was a place where market porters would come to eat the kubbe and stuffed intestines that were their regular fare. After the review appeared, the proprietors were amazed to see a wave of English-speaking clients descending upon them.

Since then, the burghul dumplings stuffed with meat that are known as kubbe have become common in many of the cheaper Jerusalem eating places. But Mifgash Hashoshana is, to my knowledge, the first attempt to present Kurdish cuisine in a restaurant that is a cut above a snack place. The decor is

pleasant and the restaurant is spacious. The glossy menu is in English as well as Hebrew, even though the English version does include some weird mistakes. It would seem that the place has been set up by what my English colleagues would call "some of the lads" and I, for one, would not be a bit surprised if the mother of one of them was doing her bit in the kitchen. Unfortunately, the number of dis-

okra soup with about four round small kubbes. Like the vegetables, the soup was very lemony and the acidity provided an excellent foil to the heavy richness of the meat stock. For my main course, I had a portion of roast veal, or what would be more accurately described as braised veal. The meat was very tender and its flavour was enhanced by a profusion of prunes and almonds. Served alongside was a large portion of perfectly cooked rice, served with cooked beans on top in the Middle Eastern manner. My companion had had her heart set upon trying stuffed carp, a dish available, according to the restaurant's advertisements, only on Tuesday. We came on the appointed day, but were disappointed to learn that the supply of stuffed carp had run out. So she had to content herself with a whole stuffed game hen filled with a mixture of meat and rice and also

cooked in a sauce with prunes and almonds. Here, too, the dish was delicious, but we did feel that the selection showed a certain lack of variety in flavouring. With our meal, my companion had a glass of fairly acceptable white wine, but my glass of red wine was a strange, sweet, selection that indicated a complete lack of knowledge about serving wine. As the only dessert available was baklava, and in any case we both felt we had eaten amply, we skipped coffee and dessert and asked for the bill, which came to a very reasonable NIS 49. I do not expect Mifgash Hashoshana to last very long. The mother will no doubt tire of cooking for large numbers and the lads will find that for the prohibitive rental that Jerusalem landlords charge for restaurant premises, they would do better running a shoe store. But while it is around, it is a pleasant and different place to dine.

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- The use of quotation in the Israeli painting
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GEORGE BASELITZ, RALF PENCK Selected prints from the museum collection.
NEW IN THE COLLECTION
BERNARD REIDER (1897-1983) Crouching Women, 1930. Shown in conjunction with the sculpture are drawings and prints by Reider from the collection of Diana Schokken
PINHAS LIVINOVSKY (1894-1985) Arab with Flower, 1926/1928. Gift of Raphael and Hadassa Klatchkin
CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS
TREASURES OF THE BIBLE LANDS 5,000 years of history of seven ancient cultures of the East. Closing on Saturday 8.4.
MYTH TRANSFORMED: PAINTING AND MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE Four large-scale sculptures and two paintings exhibited for the first time
TSIBI GEVA: PAINTINGS
TSIBI GEVA: PAINTINGS New group of paintings produced between 1985 and 1988 in Tel Aviv and New York. Encounter with the Artist Tzvi Geva at his exhibition on Tuesday, 5.4 at 7.00 p.m. (in Hebrew) At the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion.
CINEMA
BLACK EYES (Italy, 1987) 117 min. colour. Italian and Russian with Hebrew subtitles. Sat 7.00, 9.30 p.m., Sun-Thurs 4.30, 7.00, 9.30 p.m.
SPECIAL SCREENING "SHOAH" Wed. 13.3 part one at 1.00 p.m., Thurs 14.4 part two at 1.00 p.m.
MUSIC
BAROQUE MUSIC WORKSHOP Festival Closing Concert. Participating: J. Feldman, Soprano, M. Rot, Recorder, S. May, Fl. Barer, Baroque Flute, S. Rubin, Viola da gamba, J. Rubin, Lute, X. Haugland, Harpsichord. Programme: Works by Monteverdi, Telemann, Vivaldi, Bach. Tuesday 12.4 at 8.30 p.m.
FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH
"SUN, MOON AND STARS" Adventure for preschoolers and first graders. Tuesday 12.4 3.30-5.00 p.m. Tickets at the Museum. Free. No. of participants limited.
VISITING HOURS DURING PASSOVER: Friday, 8.4; closed. Wednesday 13.4, 10.00 a.m. - 5.00 p.m.
VISITING HOURS AT THE MUSEUM AND HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION: Sun-Thurs 10 a.m. - 8 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., Sat 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., 7-10 p.m. THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 Shaul-Hamelech Blvd. Information, Box Office: Tel. 261297. HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION: 5 Tarsat St., Tel. 267196.

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مکان العمل

Scrabble Sam Orbaum

IT WAS UNCLEAR that night whether it was the power of the press or the power of the game. When the Jerusalem Scrabble Club convened for the first time five years ago last Tuesday, the hope was that people had noticed the tiny story in *The Jerusalem Post* headlined "Jerusalem gets Scrabble," and that some would be interested enough to show up.

"This could be a very large club; 30 chairs will do." As an inexperienced director of a new club, and a Jerusalem resident of only a couple of weeks, I approached the Windmill Hotel with bubbly enthusiasm and absolutely no idea of what I was talking about. Fred and Sonya Hall, managers of the Windmill, knew: They agreed to host us.

Forty-seven very excited Jerusalemites stormed the hotel, not just to see what the night might bring, but to convey the message that Jerusalem is Scrabble City.

A 48th player - the club director himself - was the last to know. I had borrowed a car to pick up some supplies in Tel Aviv, and may never have been heard from again except that I had the common sense to realize, as I neared Hebron, that nine hours of fruitless navigation constituted hopelessness. At the stroke of 7:30 and with mere fumes left in the gas tank, the Windmill turned up to

In Scrabble City

be at the exact same spot that I was. There were 47 Scrabble players - all with names I had never heard of, none with averages that I could judge them by, and every one with the expectation that I knew what to do next. And, of course, there were not enough tables and chairs to accommodate them all.

It seemed like the thing to do now was to play Scrabble. But first a speech. Welcome to the Jerusalem Scrabble Club, I said, or something like that; I hope we'll be together for a long, long time.

Players were paired off. The room became quiet. The scores began to come in, and I wrote them down in a book: Pamela L. 325 - Sarah K. 285; Bill B. 348 - Rana G. 296; Celia A. 211 - Zelig L. 204. The highest score that first round was a 414.

Five years and 250 sessions later, over 1,000 players have registered some 34,874 scores totalling 11,925,405 points, for a 341.9 average. There have been 340 scores over 500, seven over 600 (and one under 100). But the most remarkable number of all is the average attendance over that time - 49 players per week, giving the Jerusalem Scrabble Club the right to call itself the largest of its kind in the world.

THOSE ARE the statistics, these are the facts: The club has been spared the chronic problems suffered by most of the world's hundreds of Scrabble clubs in that it attracts even the most casual of players. First-timers quickly realize they don't have to be good at the game to be accepted. They may or may not improve their skills, they may study word lists and pore over league standings and averages, or they may sit and shmooze with other non-competitive players while waiting for their names to be called.

Some players are content to stay where they are. Others catch the bug, and broaden their perception of the game by picking up on game strategies, concerted tactics, poker-faced ruses, pattern analysis. They may move up the ranks and one day knock off a "club heavy" until in time, they are heating the heavies with such regularity that they replace them.

Zelig Leader is a prime example. From that initial session, when his first score was a hapless 204, he has worked his way up the club standings. Two weeks ago, he capped his remarkable progress by winning the club championship.

What a sub-culture it is. For four hours a week, Jerusalemites - and a number of devoted out-of-towners as well - walk through the doors of Beit Shmuel, leaving behind (for just a spell) Israel, politics, what is to be, the Hebrew language, the kids, the weather, television, religion, life's routines. Perhaps the most culturally selective slice of society - people who can spell vertically - they have better things to talk about: the Q, two-letter words, who's in first place. Here, ADE-NOIDS are good to have, GOOD is, well, not so good. HAPPINESS is a nine-letter "bingo," ENGLISH is not a language but an anagram of SHINGLE. All things are one and the same to people who in the real world are members of Peace Now or Kach, who are secular or religious, octogenarians or teenagers, Jews or non-Jews, Sephardi or Ashkenazi, smokers or non-smokers.

On Tuesday, the club's quinquennium (five-year anniversary) was marked with the awarding of prizes for a series of competitions that took place amid mounting excitement over the past five weeks. The contests - and the prizes - mostly centered around the number five.

Contests included the highest-scoring five-letter word played in an evening, the best K-word (the K being the only five-point tile), the nicest word originating from He-

brew or Yiddish (there are a lot of them throughout the Scrabble dictionary), and the Word of the Quinquennium (the best word played in the history of the club, culled from weekly selections, and voted on by the players themselves). A mini-tournament, aimed at uncovering the highest-scoring team of five players, was also contested. Quinquennium Tuesday also recognized the player with the most games played in club history (Seymour Rosen, with 735), and the first 10 still-active members.

The prizes ranged from dillies to sillies: a five-star weekend for two at the Gaieli Kinneret Hotel; a five-course dinner at the Windmill Hotel; a five-month subscription to *The Jerusalem Post*, the club's sponsor; a No. 5 jersey donated by the Hapoel Jerusalem basketball team; a K-tile lapel pin; 10 JNF trees; five shukels; and five cassettes of "fifties" (including Beethoven's Fifth, Tchaikovsky's Fifth, and Dvorak's Fifth), compliments of Israel Music Publications.

Quinquennium Tuesday recalled the first session by duplicating some of the first week's pairings.

In one respect, though, Quinquennium Tuesday was different from that memorable first session. This past Tuesday, the club director took the bus.

TV highlights Peter Elsworth

IT'S BEEN 10 years since J.R. Ewing, the villain that millions love to hate, made his debut in *Dallas*.

With the 10th anniversary show airing in America this weekend, and the season's cliff-hanger finale still to come, executive producer Leonard Katzman says he is not yet contemplating the end of the prime-time soap opera. But after 280 episodes over the last decade, the show's red-hot ratings have shown some wear and tear.

Unlike many Texas oilmen and institutions these days, *Dallas* is not facing bankruptcy. But its boom years, when it was consistently number one or two in the ratings, appear over.

At present it is number 21 in the Nielsen ratings.

"One of the dangers of being

Decade of Dallas

number one is that when you go down to what is still a respectable position, death notices are already posted," said Katzman. "At the moment we're just thinking about next season, centering on two families, the Ewings and the Barneses, who love and fight like modern-day Montagues and Capulets. *Dallas* revolves largely around J.R. Ewing's constant scheming and love affairs.

"I GUESS it was everybody's vicarious dream of sharing the wealth and the problems and seeing a love/hate hero like J.R. really for the first time," said Katzman.

"He did things that I think no other character had ever done on television," he said. "He lied and cheated and wenched, and yet he was also vulnerable and tender and the audience loved and hated him at the same time."

"They wanted to see him win and they wanted to see him lose," Katzman said. "The one thing we were always very sure of with his character was that his every win had to be tempered by some kind of defeat and every defeat had to be tempered with some kind of win."

Dallas premiered on April 2, 1978 as a mini-series with five self-

contained shows. In its first full season, 1979-80, the show evolved into a serial format and after the second season finale, the question "Who shot J.R.?" was heard around the world.

The first show of the third season - when the assailant was identified as Kristin Shepard, J.R.'s sister-in-law and mistress - captured 76 per cent of all television viewers in the U.S. The record rating was broken by the final episode of *M.A.S.H.* on February 28, 1983.

Worldwide, the show's producer, Lorimar Telepictures, estimated the audience at over 300 million.

For the next five seasons, *Dallas* held either first or second place in the ratings. It also shaped a brash, chic image of a city that had long lived under the shadow of the 1963 assassination of President John

Kennedy. "There's no question about that," said Terry Trippet, who owns and runs the Southfork ranch, site of the Ewing family's homestead. "We're the number one tourist attraction. People think of the ranch as a set, but it is also a convention and tourist centre, complete with paddocks, oil derrick and gift shop."

"Oh, I think it's done a whole lot for the city," said Dallas Mayor Annette Strauss. "It's piqued people's imaginations, made them curious about Dallas."

Katzman said the success of *Dallas* still amazes him. The summer after J.R.'s shooting turned the show into "national and international hysteria," he said. "The success went beyond our wildest dreams. I mean, it's great to be part of television history." (Reuter) □

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מכון מן המכל

The poster

April 7 - 14

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

AVIA'S SUMMER - Monodrama with Gila Almagor based on an extract from her autobiography. The 15-year-old daughter of Holocaust survivors comes home from boarding school to spend the summer with her insane mother. A Beit Leiesin/Hadassah Theatre production, directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Khan, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

GROUND WATER - By Hillel Mittel-punk. A Khan Theatre production about a group of youths living on the banks of a swamp. The play describes the life of drifters and what motivates them. (Khan, Saturday, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

IN REVERSE: Seminar for the Newly Observed - By B. Michael. Performed by Alex Averbach, who plays the moderator at a seminar for the newly religious. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

UNTIL... - Based on three Beckett plays depicting characters whose lives are balanced on the thin line between sanity and madness. Produced in the framework of the Nisan Nativ Acting Studio. (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, Monday, 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AVIA'S SUMMER - See Jlem. (Beit Leiesin, Sunday, 9 p.m.)

THE CHINESE - Comedy by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Niki Niki. About a son who doesn't resemble his Chinese parents. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

DRIVER, ARTIST - Written and directed by Hillel Mittel-punk. An artist comes back to his family home after an absence of 40 years. Hoping to meet her brother, instead

she finds a strange young man, a former truck driver who has lost his memory. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre production with Hanna Maron and Ohad Shohar. (Duhai Audit, Hatikva Quarter, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimith production, translated, adapted and performed by Niki Niki. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

FAMILY ALBUM - By Nafiah Yavin. Directed by Eitan Yavin. An ordinary family discovers the dangers of daily routine and loss of values. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Monday, 9 p.m.)

THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK - By Jaroslav Hasek. Soldier Schweik uses foolishness as his private weapon, as a means of remaining optimistic and dealing with every situation. A Neveh Tzedek production, directed by Aharon Almog. (Neveh Tzedek, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

GROS CAJIN - Satire by Emile Ajar. Hasimith production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, tomorrow, 11 p.m.)

IN CAMERA - (Huis-clos). By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated and directed by David Steinberg. A man and two women reach hell after their death and discover that "hell is one's fellow human beings." (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Saturday, 9:30 p.m.)

IN REVERSE: Seminar for the Newly Observed - See Jlem. (Tzavta, Saturday, 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.; Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

LADDERS - A performance in movement by Oshra Elkayam. (Tzavta, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

MIDNIGHT REVIEW - Winner of Acre Festival Best Actor Award. About the life and tensions of a Tel Aviv couple, she a theatre critic, he a member of the security



The Israel Yiddish Theatre in 'It's hard to be a Jew' by Sholem Aleichem.

service. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

ONE OF OURS - By Benny Barash. A Beit Leiesin production, directed by Itzik Weingarten, about a Military Police investigator and a society whose slogan is "One for all, all for one" and the tragic consequences this principle can lead to when adhered to uncompromisingly. (Beit Leiesin, tonight, tomorrow, 9 p.m.; Thursday, 8:30 p.m.; Kame, Heichal Hatarbut, Sunday, 9 p.m.; Beit Burbour, Monday, 8:30 p.m.; T.A., Yad Lebanim, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

THE OPTIMIST - By Emile Habibi. Unifa Municipal Theatre production with Muhammed Bachri. The title derives from the words "optimist" and "pessimist" and the protagonist has trouble differentiating between the two. (Tzavta, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

"RAHAMIM RAHAMIM" - The eve of Israel's independence, and inhabitants of the Jewish ghetto in Morocco prepare to leave. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

VARDALE'S YOUTH - By Hanoch Levine. Directed by Aharon Almog. A

Neveh Tzedek Theatre production dealing with the Israeli nouveaux riches and lost youth. The conflict: Is the chase after wealth, or lost youth? (Neveh Tzedek, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

YIDDISH THEATRE - The Israeli Yiddish Theatre presents "It's Hard to be a Jew" by Sholem Aleichem. Directed by and starring Yisrael Becker, with Rafael Goldwasser, Yasha Gilinsky, Ya'acov Halperin and others. (Ramat Gan, Mofet, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.; T.A., Yad Lebanim, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

HALFA YIDDISH THEATRE - See T.A. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, Saturday, 8 p.m.)

BEERSHEBA DEATH OF A SALESMAN - By Arthur Miller. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre production, directed by Micha Levinson. About a crisis within the family of a travelling salesman. (Beersheba Theatre, Saturday, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

DRIVER, ARTIST - See T.A. (Beersheba Theatre, Saturday through Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

DANCE FREE - Express yourself through dance to all kinds of music. Moderators Dina Gal, Miriam Iron. (ICCY, Emek Refaim 12, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m. on)

FOLKLORE EVENING - For tourists, with a singer, a dance troupe, slides on kibbutz life and refreshments. (Kibbutz Ramat Rahel, Mitpaz Rahel, Tuesday, 8:45 p.m.)

MICKY GABRILOV - Old and new songs. (Khan, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, Saturday, 8:30 p.m.)

NOCES, NOCES - Ladino songs and romances, performed by soprano Nurit Henig and guitarist Roger Yeha presented by Benny Handel. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

PIANO BAR - With singer Vivian Bar and singer/pianist Danny Kanielsky. Open Saturday night and all week except Friday. (Knesset Tower Hotel, Wolfson 4, from 8:30 p.m.)

ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCE CONCERT - With Filmore Band. (Hezafel Artists' House, cnr. Bezael/Shmuel Hanagid, Wednesday, 10 p.m.)

TALIA SHAPIRA - In her new show, "Ahad Ha'am" (One of the People), skits and humour. (Ramat Rahel, Mitpaz Rahel, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

WHAT A TRAVEL AGENT WE HAVE - An evening of song and light patter with Leib Yacov and Yitzhak Atlas, recounting the Jewish people's 4,000-year global tour. In English. (Moriah Hotel, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE - In English. One of Israel's top musical comedies, based on the Book of Ruth. (Moriah Hotel, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL THE DREAMS - Arik Lavie, '44-'88 - Arik Lavie sings, reminisces and acts, touching on the dreams, fulfilled and unfulfilled, at the birth of the State of Israel. Directed by Ilan Eldad. (Beit Leiesin, Saturday, 8:30 p.m.)

"BOSSEM" - Israeli top rock band. Hard rock from '60s and '70s. (Rock Cafe, 92 Herbert Samuel, Sundays from 9 p.m.)

CABARET - Adi Elzion sings theatre and film songs of the 'Twenties and 'Thirties written by Kurt Weill, Hans Eisler, Gertrude, others. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, Monday, 10 p.m.)

CORINNE ELAL - Sings songs from her albums "Motek" and "Forbidden Fruits." (Beit Leiesin, Upper Cellar, tonight, 11 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON - Presents his latest song and skit show, "Rock 'n Roll Stand Up Comedy," accompanied by four musicians and two singers. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 10 p.m. and midnight)

DISCO EVENING - Dancing plus performance by dance trio from London. (Cinemas, tonight, 11; tomorrow, 10 p.m.; next Thursday, regular disco, 11 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD - Hanoch Rosen's new pantomime show starting with a birth and ending in a romantic meeting on Mars. (Rishon LeZion, Ne'eman, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

GEORGE AND JANNIE - Jeannie Rabin sings George Gershwin. (Beit Leiesin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

"HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - Comedy with Gadi Yagil and Moti Giladi. Directed by Igal Poliakov. (T.A., Beit Hahayal, Tuesday, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

JAZZ ROCK - Doron Shani, guitar; Eran Zilberberg, bass; Shai Zalman, drums. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, tomorrow, midnight)

MAMI - Rock fantasy written and directed by Hillel Mittel-punk. (Tzavta, tonight, 10:15 and 00:15; Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL - Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimith, Saturday, 11 p.m.)

PUB ENTERTAINMENT - At the "Shahaf" Pub, Allenby 16. Nicole Levi - a one-person orchestra (tomorrow); the Sons of Joseph sing old favourites (Saturday, Thursday); songs of Eretz Yisrael with the "A" Duo (Wednesday)

RUSSIAN SONG EVENING - Russian songs with Hebrew lyrics. Led by Rafi Pessahon, with guest artists and audience participation. (Beit Leiesin, Upper Cellar, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

SHILOMO ARTZI & YEHUDA POLIKER - The two songwriters/singers, both children of Holocaust survivors, get together to sing songs written during and about the Holocaust. A one-time event, under the auspices of Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality. (Cameri, Wednesday)

SONG EVENING - With Kibbutz Ha'agen Singers. (Beit Leiesin, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

STAND UP COMEDY - Well-known local humorists improvise. With Shmuel Vilozhni, Rami Stern, others. (Beit Leiesin, Upper Cellar, Thursday, 10 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With the "Overdraft" Band. (Beit Leiesin, Upper Cellar, Sunday, 10 p.m.)

VILLAGE MUSIC - At the Maccabiah Village, Ramat Gan. Dance to the music of "Ha'Hedim," four musicians and singer. (America Hall, tomorrow, 9:30 p.m.)

WALT DISNEY'S WORLD ON ICE - Celebrating Donald Duck's 50th anniversary. A birthday salute by stars of Hollywood and sport, taking the audience through Donald's illustrious career. (Heichal Haport; check with ticket agents for dates and times)

WEDDING IN THE BIG RESTAURANT - Yuval Theatre, A.A.A. Productions and Telad Studios banded together to produce a new form of entertainment, written by Eli Sagi, creator of the popular TV show. Starring the original cast, led by Jack Cohen, plus many others, the show takes place in wedding halls and includes a full dinner, belly dancer and dancing afterwards. (Herziya, David, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

HALFA "HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - See T.A. (Shavit, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

Others **ALL THE DREAMS** - Arik Lavie, '44-'88 - See T.A. (Nahariya, Mofet, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON - See T.A. (Eilat Regional Council Hall, Saturday, 9:30 p.m.)

"HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - See T.A. (Afula, Heichal Hatarbut, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

Choice pickings

Greer Fay Cashman



(Left) Fred Lehne and Michelle Pfeiffer in 'The Children Nobody Wanted,' airing Sunday. (Right) Ray Milland and Jane Wyman in 'The Lost Weekend,' Friday.

Friday

FOUR HOURS of songs by Yehoram Gaon - that's what **Radio Network Three** is offering from 11.00. The programme, entitled **In the Orchard Near the Trough**, after one of his best-selling hits, traces Gaon's career from his army days to the present.

ALL-ROUND entertainer Arik Lavie runs through a 40-year repertoire in **All the Dreams**, commencing at 10.05 on **Radio Network Two**. The programme includes songs and skits, laughter and tears.

CINEMA BUFFS with a fondness for the great stars of the Silver Screen whose names were box office attractions in the days when Hollywood was still surrounded by magic, will get a great kick out of **Stars of the Century** at 10.02 on **ATV**.

The production reintroduces us to some of the biggest names in film, drawing on archive footage to bring viewers snippets of their personal lives as well as clips from some of their best-known films. Some of the stars who will come back into the spotlight - including some no longer in the land of the living - include Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Jane Russell, Brigitte Bardot, Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Katherine Hepburn, Marlon Brando and others.

THIS EVENING'S Arabic-language movie, **A Virgin, But...** at 17.20 on **ATV** tells the story of

an Egyptian student who falls in love with one of her lecturers. He leaves her for another woman, the daughter of a wealthy shoe-store owner.

BASED ON Charles Jackson's novel of the brutal life of an alcoholic whose habit intruded on his relationships with family and friends, **The Lost Weekend** starring Ray Milland and Jane Wyman, comes to **METV** at 16.30.

NEITHER RIVKA Michaeli nor Meni Pe'er will enter the nation's living-rooms this weekend. Instead, popular singer Nurit Galron will appear in her latest show **Something on the Moon**. The programme, at 20.30 on **ITV**, features some of her best-loved songs.

THE SECOND half of **This Is Your Life** featuring Ruth Dayan will be highlighted on both **Channel Two** and **ITV** at 21.20. The programme is a tribute to Dayan's achievements in her own right and not as the (ex-) wife of Moshe Dayan or the mother of headline-capturing off-spring.

LAMPOON KING Woody Allen goes to town on Russian novels in **Love and Death** in which he co-stars with Diane Keaton. He also wrote the screenplay and directed the film which will be shown at 22.50 on **ITV**.

Our anti-hero is Boris Grushenko, a small skinny coward in the Russian army during the Napoleonic wars. Like any good Russian of the times, Boris talks and thinks expansively on all the great issues of life, but his conduct is something else again.

TV & RADIO SCHEDULE

Friday, April 8 - Thursday, April 14



Saturday

THE MOST talented family in Israel's entertainment sphere is the Banals, some of whose most prominent representatives will be heard in a four-hour tribute beginning at 16.05 on **Radio Network Three**. The programme, entitled **They Were All Banals** (a word play in Hebrew on "All My Sons") features Meir, Ehud, Yuval and Yossi Banal.

YEHOASHA SOBOLOV's play **The Night of the Twenty** will be dramatised on **The Voice of Music** at 18.00. The play is based on a night in the lives of a group of young people, all of them veterans of Hashomer Hatzair. The night in question is October 20, 1920. The play poses many ideological questions.

MIMOUNA CELEBRATIONS will be highlighted on both **Channel Two** and **ITV**, the former at 18.30 and the latter at 20.25. The earlier programme depicts an outdoor celebration at Yad Rambam, a moshav settled by North African immigrants. The second programme, hosted by Lilith Najjar, is a studio production.

BASED ON the autobiographical work by Eugene O'Neill, **Long Day's Journey into Night** is the story of a poor family struggling for survival. The original work earned a Pulitzer Prize for its author. The film will be screened on **Channel Two** at 20.30.

SET AGAINST the background of high life in Vienna, **The Emperor's Waltz**, starring Joan Fon-

taine and Bing Crosby, is an entertaining musical suitable for family viewing. The film will be screened on **METV** at 21.00.

Sunday

THE FIRST part of **American Ballet Theatre** performance recorded live at the San Francisco Opera House, will be presented at 20.00 on **METV**.

NOWADAYS, SINGLE-parent families are par for the course. In several countries, the law places no barriers against singles adopting homeless children. But in 1982, it was a different story. **The Children Nobody Wanted** which can be seen at 21.00 on **METV** is the true story of Tom Butterfield, a 21-year-old bachelor who battled to provide love and a family environment for fosterlings who had nowhere else to go. The film stars Fred Lehne and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Monday

A CLASSIC case for psychologists: The victim of a kidnapping begins to identify with her captor. That's what happens in **Night of the Following Day** when an abducted girl falls in love with one of the men holding her for ransom. Scheduled for presentation on **METV** at 16.30, the film stars Marlon Brando and Richard Boone.

EDGE-OF the seat excitement is guaranteed for viewers who tune

Tuesday

BLOOD AND guts fans will enjoy Joe Kidd, the story of a Mexican invasion in a small New Mexican town. The onslaught is resisted by the townspeople assisted by powerful landowners. The film can be seen at 16.30 on **METV**. Cast in the lead roles are Clint Eastwood and John Saxon.

Wednesday

A FILM with a strange twist, **Two Mules for Sister Sara**, starring Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood, will be shown on **METV** at 16.30.

Eastwood plays an American mercenary planning to assist the Juaristas of Mexico in their efforts to take a French garrison. He meets up with a nun who displays a hatred for the Juaristas.

Thursday

YET ANOTHER Civil War conflict erupts when a farmer who has tried to remain neutral becomes involved after his only daughter becomes engaged to a Confederate soldier. The film **Shenandoah**, starring James Stewart and Doug McClure, will be shown at 16.30 on **METV**.

Holocaust marked

TELEVISION AND RADIO programmes next Wednesday and Thursday will deal largely with the Holocaust, as the nation again pauses to mark Martyrs and Heroes Remembrance Day.

Educational Television, conscious that it is much more difficult to convey the significance of the Holocaust to schoolchildren born long after the end of World War II to parents who were themselves born after the war, begins its Holocaust programmes on Tuesday with the feature film at 14.05, *The Way Is Long*. Directed by Yisrael Becker, a veteran Habima actor and director, the film dramatically portrays the fears and hopes of a Jewish family in Warsaw at the outset of the war. The focus of the film is on David, the young son of the family. Becker, who also appears in the film, was an actor and director in pre-war Poland. After the war, he worked in the Polish Yiddish Theatre and in refugee camps in Germany. The Jewish film company IPA commissioned him to direct *The Way Is Long*. Filmed in Germany, the movie was first screened in Israel in the early 1950s. It was hailed here as an authentic documentation of Jewish suffering and of the attempts of a surviving member of the family to trace the others and to rebuild his life. The film has never been presented on television.

On Wednesday at 17.30, ITV will screen the BBC production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. The film has been divided into two parts. The second part will be presented at the same time on Thursday. Starring as the 13-year-old Anne Frank in this, one of the most widely published of Holocaust diaries is Katharine Schlesinger.

Ruska Korczak, who died last month, was one of the Jewish fighters in the Vilna Ghetto battling side by side with the late Abba Kovner. Her book *Flame as Ash*, which she wrote in 1945, soon after her arrival in Eretz Yisrael, is graphic testimony to the events of those days. Shmuel Huppert, himself a Holocaust survivor, recorded a conversation with Korczak in January. In this conversation, which will be replayed on Galei Zahal, the Army Radio, at 18.05 on Wednesday, she recalls her own experiences and those of others in her group and ponders questions which to this day have not been fully answered, such as the role of the Judenrat head Yaakov Gans or the capture by the Gestapo of underground leader Itzik Wittberg.

At 18.30 on the same evening, Channel Two will screen *Children Draw the Holocaust*, the exhibition presented at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem in summer 1983. Many of the children who submitted paintings and drawings had never visited Yad Vashem and their concept of the Holocaust was confused. Only after they toured the museum, and were confronted with some of the visual evidence of the Holocaust, did they begin to partially understand what had happened.

Immediately afterwards, at 19.00, also on Channel Two, three survivors of Auschwitz and Birkenau look back on the *Death March* forced upon them by the Germans in January, 1945. When the Allied forces began to close in

on the death camps, the Germans sought to destroy all evidence of their atrocities. They began to evacuate thousands of prisoners from countries they had conquered, marching mercilessly to German soil. The Germans thought to use them as hostages towards the achievement of a ceasefire. The programme of testimony was produced by Beth Hatelutsoth.

Viewers who remain tuned to Channel Two will at 19.15 be able to see the 90-minute documentary *The 81st Blow*, one episode from the trilogy by Haim Guri and Jacko Erlich. Produced in 1974 by the Lahmomi Hagotat Museum, the documentary includes rare footage and stills on the rise of Hitlerism and on the Holocaust, as well as recorded testimony from the Eichmann trial.

Yet again on Channel Two is the frightening documentary *Ambulance*, which will be screened at 20.45. The film is about victims of the Nazi murder scheme locked in an ambulance specially designed for the infiltration of poison gas.

Even though he has officially been pronounced dead, there are those who still believe that Josef Mengele may still be alive. Israel Radio's Avraham Benmuelch, at 21.05 on Radio Network Two, presents *Josef Mengele - Satan*. The programme tries to discover how Mengele eluded capture and probes the reasons why before 1985 Israel made no attempt to have him officially extradited and brought here for trial. The programme also questions whether Mengele is indeed dead. The programme will be repeated on Thursday on Radio Network One at 11.05.

Not all the programmes on the Holocaust dwell on the horror of that period. For example, *Yearning* is Moishe Braunstein's nostalgic longing for the pre-war *shetl* life that is no more and which for him symbolized his golden era. This can be seen at 21.00 on Wednesday on Channel Two.

Also on Channel Two at 21.30 is *Liberation from Auschwitz*, a documentary showing the Russian forces liberating the Auschwitz death camp. By the time they arrived, the Germans had evacuated most of the prisoners. Only the very sick and the feeble remained. The film shows the welcome reception the prisoners gave the Russians and the initial treatment Russian doctors gave the emaciated campings.

Viewers who feel that they cannot stomach such a sight can, at the same hour, switch to ITV, where Knesset Member Yitzhak Artzi and his singer son Shlomo talk about how their respective lives were shaped by their separate backgrounds. Artzi senior and his wife are both Holocaust survivors who, while their children were growing up, refrained from talking to them about World War II. However, they have adopted a different attitude with their grandchildren. Father and son appear in *From Generation to Generation*.

Yitzhak Artzi also appears in *The Orphans of Transnistria*,

which will be broadcast on Radio Network One at 22.05.

In 1942, the Jews of Bukovina were deported across the Dniester River to Transnistria. In the camps there, 170,000 Jews, both local and deportees from other places, perished. As a result, thousands of children were orphaned and left without any resources, and the heads of the ghettos established orphanages for them. The programme describes these orphanages and the children who "graduated" from them.

Simultaneously, ITV will screen the prize-winning Swiss production, *The Lifboat Is Full*, which tells the story of a group of refugees, thrown together by chance, who try to cross into Switzerland during the war. Director Markus Imhoof was not interested in showing yet another scene of Jews being persecuted somewhere in Europe. What he wanted to illustrate was that even in an allegedly neutral country such as Switzerland, prejudice, hypocrisy and anti-Semitism could be as firmly rooted as anywhere else. The film stars Tina Engel, Curt Bois, Renato Steiger, Matthias Gnadinger and Michael Gempert.

On Thursday at 07.05, Galei Zahal addresses itself to Tzofan Edna: Shilvit, the latest book by the author calling himself Ka-tzetnik 135633, recently published by Hakibbutz Hameuhad. Shmuel Atzmon will read sections from the book, against the background of appropriate music.

At 09.05, Galei Zahal will launch a day-long programme, *Where was the Sun?*, which will give as broad a view as possible of the six years that shattered a people. With Pinhas Eldan, Azaria Rapoport and Edna Shevitz as moderators, the programme will introduce survivors coming from different backgrounds. They will include underground fighters, people who hid in the ghettos, concentration camp inmates, people living on forged papers, partisans.

In 1942, 192 children from the orphanage administered by Janusz Korczak went on their final journey. Korczak himself led them. *The Dead Canary*, which will be presented on ETV at 09.30, gives a heart-breaking glimpse of day-to-day life in the orphanage in a dramatic reconstruction produced by Lea Leibin and directed by Jackie Barkan. The film, which stars Eli Gorenstein, was scripted by Shmuel Hassaf.

One would imagine that concentration-camp inmates living in their individual hells would greet the prospective freedom enthusiastically. But this doesn't always seem to be the case. Yes, there was joy in the thought that finally they would be liberated from the Nazi yoke, but for people who had been dehumanized, broken in spirit and deprived of everything of ethical, moral or material value, there was an awful fear of having to make it in the outside world - alone. *To Return to Life* at 10.00 on ETV features interviews with four camp survivors who recall their feelings on the day they were liberated.

All other programmes listed

below up to 14.00 are also on ETV.

A different Danny Kaye, a far cry from the comedian, stars with John Rubenstein, Carl Reiner, Kim Hunter, Eli Wallach and George Dzundza in the 1981 production *Skokle*, based on actual events in the comfortable Chicago suburb in which 40 per cent of the population is Jewish. Many are Holocaust survivors who are shocked when an American Nazi organizer selects Skokle as the site of his next rally. When the Jews organize a protest, the Nazi leader takes his case to the American Civil Liberties Union, demanding his right to freedom of speech. The film will be shown at 10.30.

In its *Unknown Land* series, Radio Network One on Thursday at 16.05 visits the Holocaust Institute in the company of youngsters from various Zionist youth movements, and observes the manner in which Holocaust studies are taught and absorbed.

At 18.05, Galei Zahal will present a special programme *Jewish Fighters in Yugoslavia*. Former underground fighters and partisans from Yugoslavia will talk of their efforts against the Germans and their henchmen.

When she wrote *Dolls* a little over a decade ago, Ronit Singer, then a high school student, caused a sensation. Her play was based on the 1976 trials of 16 Nazis who had served in the Majdanek death camp and assisted in the killing of 250,000 people. Produced by ITV, the programme will be rescreened at 18.30 on Channel Two.

A slightly different perspective on the Salonika survivors' story, *Sounds of Fire*, will be presented on Channel Two at 20.00. What probably saved them in Auschwitz was their ability to sing. After the war, they came to Israel and settled in Tel Aviv, where they continued to sing. The songs that bound them to each other nearly half a century ago continue to do so.

The last of the programmes in this category will be *The Third Generation*, filmed in Germany last summer by film-maker Professor Yeshayahu Nir. A Holocaust survivor who lost his entire family in the war, Nir, who had not set foot in Germany since 1945, examines contacts between Israeli and German youth whose parents and/or grandparents lived the war on opposite sides of the fence. The film will be screened at 21.35 on ITV.

An ambitious programme, *April 1943 - April 1988*, will be aired live from Auschwitz-Birkenau on Galei Zahal at 15.05. The first programme of its kind on radio, it will bring to listeners in Israel the voices of youngsters participating in *The March of Life* from the central memorial in

Auschwitz-Birkenau to the death camp.

It is only relatively recently that attention has been focused on the toll the German "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem" took among Sephardi Jewry. War-crimes allegations concerning Austrian President Kurt Waldheim has brought Salonika and its Jewish community - or the little that remains of it - into the spotlight. In March 1987, eight of the survivors living in Israel travelled back to Greece with their children to reconstruct that fateful journey *From Salonika to Auschwitz*. The moving documentary will be shown on ETV at 16.00.

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I, spy

PESSAH is the holiday that more than any other reminds us of the historic meeting between the Jewish and Egyptian peoples. Ironically at this time of the year, a 30-part TV series is being produced in Egypt about a different kind of meeting between the two nations. This is the story of an Egyptian intelligence officer, planted in Israel, who sent military, political and social information about this country to Cairo before the Six Day War.

According to Salah, Marci, the man who is putting together the series, this is a true story of an Egyptian Moslem who was sent to Israel as a "new oleh." He was not sent directly to Israel. Instead,

he went to Europe first, befriending local Jews and presenting himself as a Jew who intended to make aliya.

A wealthy Jewish family "adopted" him and the family's daughter fell in love with him. With that identity and with the support of his adopted family, he arrived in Israel, slowly found his bearings and seemingly became like any other Israeli Jew. However, at the same time, he was sending useful intelligence to Egyptian intelligence by way of a sophisticated two-way radio.

According to the script writer, the man worked as an Egyptian spy for almost 20 years without being detected.

The series is currently being made and will be shown on Egyptian TV and throughout the Arab world in May, during Ramadan. **YACOV LAM DAN**



The BatSheva Dance Company in 'Taken to Pieces,' a new work by choreographer Doug Varone.

DANCE

Jerusalem

YARON MARGOLIN DANCE COMPANY - Presents "Dance of Death" (choreography and costume design: Yaron Margolin; music: Faure) inspired by poems of Charles Baudelaire. Dance includes nude scenes; recommended for adults over 16 only. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Fren, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

IN-DOR DANCE COMPANY - Presents "Songs Without Words" (choreography: Hans Van Manen; music: Mendelssohn); "Big Shoulders" (Lar Lubovitch); "Chungus Wrecks" (Rodney Griffin; Kurt Weill) (Bat Dor Theatre, Monday, 8:30 p.m.). "Integral Dances" (choreography: Choo Sun Oh; music: Telemann); "Resonant" (Mauricio Wainrot; Phillip Glass);



"Luminescences" (Nils Christie; Poulenc) (Bat-Dor Theatre, Tuesday 8:30 p.m.)

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY - Presents new works by American choreographer Doug Varone, "Cantata 78," (music: Bach) and "Taken to Pieces" (world premiere. Music: Christopher Hyams Hart) plus works by Mark Morris ("Canon") and Igal Perry ("Bolero," music: Ravel). (Ohel Shem, Monday, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

YARON MARGOLIN DANCE COMPANY - Presents two works choreographed by Yaron Margolin, inspired by the poems of Charles Baudelaire: "Cursed Women" and "Dance of Death" (music: Faure). Dances include nude scenes; recommended for adults over 16 only. (Beit Inbal, Neveh Tzedek, Saturday, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

MUSIC

Jerusalem

THE CONSORT OF MUSIC - Here once more from England for only one concert, the ensemble, under the musical direction of Anthony Rooley (lute) and comprising 15 singers, will perform works on the subject of "Ariadne's Lament" by Monteverdi, De Coste, Parry, Rusconi. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

BAROQUE MUSIC & DANCE - Nigel Rogers, tenor (England) with Miri Singer, harpsichord; Michael Meltzer, flute; Amira Mayroz and David Rapoport, dance. (Khan, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY - Guest appearance: Marianne Dorsch, soprano (Berlin), with Eli Freud, piano. Song Evening: Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. (Leo Model Hall, Gerard Behar Centre, Saturday)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - Conductor Mendi Rodan. Soloist Maurice Bourque, oboe (France). Works by Mozart, Bach, Kalliwoda, Ginastera. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Tuesday)

LECTURE-RECITAL - "Debussy and the Development of the French Song." With Cila Grossmeyer, soprano, and Claude Abramov, piano. Works by Rameau, Gounod, Ravel, others. Admission free. (Jerusalem Rubin Academy of Music and Dance, Monday)

MANY FACES OF LOVE - Last concert in series "Guest Artists." Raymond Voyat (France), guest tenor, accompanied by Elad Neumark, piano. Songs of love by Beethoven, Debussy, Mahler, Ravel. (Ticho House, Monday)

MORNING CONCERT - Zvi Meniker, harpsichord; Ruby Hod, flute. German and French Baroque works including Bach family, Couperin, others. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 11:11 a.m.)

TARG MUSIC CENTRE - Piano recital by Lilian Kallir. (Targ, Ein Kerem, Monday)

Tel Aviv area

BAROQUE MUSIC & DANCE - See J'lem. (Tzavta, today, tomorrow, 3 p.m.; Ramat Hasharon, Tzavta, Saturday, 9 p.m.)

BAROQUE MUSIC WORKSHOP - Closing concert with workshop's overseas guests. Jill Feldman, soprano; Martin Rot, recorder; Baroque flute: Shari Rubin, viola da gamba; Jonathan Rubin, lute; Keith Haugstad, harpsichord. Works by Monteverdi, Telemann, Vivaldi, Bach. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor and violinist Jose Luis Garcia. Uriel Tsachor, piano; Wolfgang Basch, trumpet. Works by Handel, Shostakovich, Torelli, Mozart. (Netanya, Marcus Hall, Tuesday)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - See J'lem. (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday)

MORNING CONCERT - The Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra. Conductor Arthur Feigin. Soloist Emanuel Gruber, cello. Works by Beethoven, Hindemith, Haydn. (Tzavta, Saturday, 11:11 a.m.)

Haifa

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See T.A. (Auditorium, Thursday)

Beersheba

ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - See J'lem. (Conservatory, Saturday, Sunday)

Others

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - See T.A. (Ein Hashofel, Megiddo Regional Hall, Sunday)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - See J'lem. (Arad, Matnas, Monday)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Jerusalem

JULIAN SCHNABEL - Large paintings by young American superstar. (Israel Museum.)

VAN ABBE COLLECTION - Two decades of all modernist streams, from the museum at Eindhoven. Also the WEISBORD COLLECTION - Fascinating small format Dutch, English and French masters from Bruegel to Picasso. (Weisbord Pavilion, Israel Museum)

DITI ALMOG - Recent paintings. (Zacks Pavilion, Israel Museum.)

HAIM MAOR - Installation: The Faces of Race and Memory. (Israel Museum.)

BYPASSED PLACES - Cy Lehrer's moving photographs of abandoned Route 66, Arizona. Till April 15. (American Cultural Centre, 19 Keren Hayesod.)

DALIA NAVI - Mixed-media multi-dimensional works. Till April 15. (Municipal Art Gallery, 17 Jaffa Road.)

STEFFA REIN - "States 1988," paintings. Till April 16. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben Maimon.)

TENTH ANNIVERSARY - Group show of works by Cohen-Gan, Klammer, Gershuni, Kupferman, Maitovich, Reizman, marking birthday of this gallery. Till April 25. (Gallery Cimet, 4 King Shlomo.)

ASPECTS - Excellent drawings by 10 Canadian artists. Through April. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer.)

WITNESS TO AN ERA - Stunning record of 40 years of triumph and tragedy in Israel, by Time photographer David Rubinger. April 11-May 31. (Tower of David-City Museum, the Citadel.)

NEW WORKS - By Hagit Sternschuss, Moshe Kron, Alexander Okun, Anita Kushnir. From tomorrow till May 9. (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem)

VALENTIN SHORR - "Image." April 11-May 15. (Zionist Confederation House, Yemin Moshe.)

CHAGAI TAMIR - Kites. Till April 30. (House of Quality Gallery, 12 Hebron.)

Tel Aviv area

BASELITZ, PENCK - Selected prints by noted Germans. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

SKYLINE - Israeli photographers contemplate the landscape. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd., Tel. 261297.)

SHIMON AVNI - New paintings. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon. Tel. 236868.)

ZVI TOLKOVSKY - New works in familiar materials. Till April 14. (Ephrat Gallery, 21 Gordon. Tel. 237624.)

RUTMAN, DOUER, DEMINSKY - Paintings and pastels. Till April 12. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simat Mazal Arie. Tel. 829675.)

TSIBI GEVA - Paintings from New York. Till April 23. (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Tanat. Tel. 299750.)

DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY - By Esher, Klammer, Leijowitz and Shinnor. Till April 25. (Kalisher Five Gallery, 5 Kalisher. Tel. 7514940.)

DANIEL FRIEDMAN - Wash paintings. Till April 22. (Shurett Gallery, 18 Hayarden, Givatayim. Tel. 771023.)

PINHAS COHEN-GAN - Prints from 1968 to 1988. (The Museum of Israeli Art, 146 Abba Hillel, Ramat Gan. Tel. 797717.)

ETT BAT-YAAKOV - Recent works. Till April 15. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz. Tel. 232533.)

YLONA ARON - New paintings. (Gallery 2000, 164 Dizengoff. Tel. 540590.)

OSIAS HOFSTATTER - Recent works. Till May 25. (Herziya Museum, Yad LeChaim, Rehov Wolfson. Tel. 052-551011.)

GEORGES JEANCLON - Sculptures by visiting French artist. (Herziya Museum. Tel. 052-551011.)

REUVEN ZAHAVI - Floating objects. Till April 22. (Artfact Gallery, 42 Nachmani. Tel. 612428.)

YARDA ROTEM, RACHEL ALKALAI - "My Beloved Land" paintings. Till April 19. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alhaziz.)

DANIELA WORTMAN - Paintings, Tints to Paris. Till April 14. (Kibbutz Artz Gallery, 13 Da Vinchi.)

YIFTAH BRKIN - Works on paper. Till April 19. (Rega Gallery, 113 Herzl. Tel. 826904.)

ORI REISMAN - Portraits by noted painter. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon.)

ILONA ZIMCHONI - "Sea, Sky, Earth," paintings. Till April 17. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alhaziz.)

IDO ZUCKERMAN - Recent works. Till April 19. (Bograshov Gallery, 60 Bograshov. Tel. 280807.)

LIDIA ZAVADSKY - Ceramics titled "The Jar and Beyond." (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa. Tel. 825842.)

A PERSONAL TOWNSCAPE - Photographic review. Till April 30. (Mapu Gallery, 17 Mapu. Tel. 233834.)

SHULI BAR-ON - Works on paper. April 18-May 12. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles. Tel. 450202.)

BOAZ KATZMAN - Figurative paintings. Opens April 29. (Shurett gallery, 18 Mishmar Hayarden, Givatayim. Tel. 771023.)

LEA NIKEL - Recent abstract paintings. Till April 29. (Givon Fine Art, 53 Gordon. Tel. 225427.)

MOTTI MIZRAHI & ZADOK BEN DAVID - Preview of works going to the Venice Biennale. (Museum of Israeli Art, 146 Abba Hillel, Ramat Gan. Tel. 797717.)

ZIONA SHIMSHI - Small ceramic sculptures. (Maimad Katan, Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff center.)

EDNAH SCHWARTZ - Paintings. Till April 15. (American Cultural Center, 71 Hayarkon.)

Halfa/North

ORI REISMAN - Major retrospective of his paintings and drawings. (Mishkan l'Omanut, Ein Harod. Tel. 06-532600. Drawings. (Kibbutz Kabri, near Nahariya.)

ERYTZ YISRAEL OF MANE KATZ - Paintings 1928-1962. (Mune Katz Museum, Haifa, Tel. 04-383482.)

THE YEARS OF TRANSITION (1870-1930) - Japanese paintings and prints. (Tikotin Museum of Japanese Art. Tel. 383254.)

ELIZA BRAM - Paintings. Till April 28. (Gallery Beit Rothschild, Carmel Centre.)

DAVID VEKTEL - "Haifa, my beloved city," paintings 1935-87. Till May 7. (Gallery of Eshel Club, 69 Allenby.)

RAYMOND STATLANDER - "The Pit," works made from Holocaust photographs. Till end May. (Beit Lohamei Hagatnot Museum.)

The art scene

Unnatural views

Gil Goldfine

THE SURPRISING aspect of "Skyline," an exhibit of photographs depicting Israel's urban and rural landscape, is that the imagery hardly reflects the local environment. What has been collated by Micha Bar Am, the Tel Aviv Museum's Curator of Photography, are groups of black and white or coloured prints by 23 photographers that echo a diversity of visual opinion that turns a show of landscapes into a show of considered "personal" picturemaking.

Bar Am provides the viewer with a balance of approaches and a fair variety of technical mannerisms, from the poetic Acre seascapes in clouded greys by Simcha Shitman to repainted picture postcards by Ronit Shani that graphically emphasize "place and time." Neil Folberg's large atmospheric colour prints are classic examples of expansive horizons bathed in magnificent light describing the alternating qualities of elegance and strength of natural forms. The sublime surrealism of Ilan Wolff's desolate vale and lone tree was photographed with a pinhole camera; while Shul Adam has photographed landscapes constructed from architectural props. A conceptual series, "Creation," by Harry Zetlin, is indicative of the medium's function as a narrative tool. The exhibit's closest item to abstraction is Zehava Barnea's 18 black-on-black square images. But even her work shows a descriptive core in the flat formations of foliage.

"Skyline" is more a dedication to the freedom of photographic choice than an elegy to a country's visible horizon, textures or geographical peculiarities. It is an exhibition that challenges the viewer with pictorial confrontations and doesn't provide obvious scenes to "stroll" through, scenes that one simply recognizes - and loves - as "home." (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

"EXPEDITION TO the Holy Land, '83" includes a vibrant, sometimes flamboyant, display of the printed image by the contemporary German artist A.R. Penck. The mixture of exotic expressionist colour and dramatic figurative shapes, reduced to primitive signs and symbols, are as shockingly aggressive as they are beautifully drawn and composed. Serigraph printing, aquatint and drypoint etching are Penck's

techniques for creating his dictionary of singular "aboriginal" markings, unified in style and energy. Penck tries to be more explicit in every print, but George Baselitz indicates a need to eliminate the reality from art without totally nullifying its existence. His upside-down figures of people and birds are scratched and scumbled into unrecognizable blotches of coloured ink. In a set of six small prints of a still life, "Bottle," Baselitz successfully eradicates the initial realistic state, ending up with a pure abstract-expressionist surface. This mini-exhibit seems to be a Museum "filler," for it includes familiar prints we have seen before within very narrow confines. Little curatorial energy has been spent on what could have given us a more scholarly, broader view of the contemporary European print. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

ORI REISMAN is an artist with a defined sense of purpose. The apparent simplicity of his portraits is actually a complex painterly exercise in which a highly personal manner of rendering the human head and face is inseparably tied to a calculated method of applying colour. Reisman's pictures are not immediately manicured into beautiful surfaces, but are worked and reworked until edges, shapes, forms and colour fields attain maximum harmony. An ability to capture personality or character traits is part of Reisman's great talent. The slight gestural turn of the head, the layered smile or deep-set, deceptive eyes are details that articulate rather than define a sitter. Cropping the image on one, two or as many as four sides establishes a psychological positioning, as the image is isolated within the rectangle like a restricted peninsula. Reisman applies layers of colour until a tight, single picture plane is achieved. Illusionism doesn't exist in a Reisman portrait, neither does pure decoration. There is, however, a humble, yet broadly applied, chromatic presence dispossessed of any expressionist shock value or realist analysis of space. A sensitivity to oranges and blues in all their hues, tones and pale tints is a Reisman preference, as are the reds and greens, complementary colours that do not always behave in an altruistic manner but are chosen to force a slight imbalance of tensions. Reisman is an individualist who, like

New in Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

PASSOVER FARE at the Jerusalem Artists House is not particularly exciting. A memorial show of paintings and drawings by the late Bezalel director Isidor Aschheim (1891-1968), all devoted to women, shows why he is best remembered as an artist. Lev Stern is a Russian-born (1945) architect and sculptor trained in this country and who has spent the last four years working at sculpture in Paris. Stern, once a student of Danziger's at the Technion and

later a lecturer at Bezalel's school of environmental design, shows large wall and floor pieces made of interleaved, very thin and spray-painted sheet metal, which, what with their colour and form, seem to echo the organic structure of flowers or spreading carpets of ground-cover. Pleasant enough, they lack any great formal interest. Stern's sculptures are surrounded by large, gestural abstract-expressionist paintings on paper by Zippi Gindlin, a graduate of the Ramat Hasharon art teachers college (73). Despite being self-indulgent, several of the black and white ones actually work. But the best painting (1) is the smallest and



Ilan Wolff: photograph made from a pinhole camera (Tel Aviv Museum).



Ori Reisman: painting (Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv).

other artists with something unique to say, remains committed and dedicated, with results to prove it. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv.) Till April 22.

ELI GUR-ARIEH is an imaginative artist with a tendency to graphic solutions in place of painterly ones. His large horizontal black-and-white installations include linear enlargements from old copper engravings and woodcuts, typographical

passages applied on bands of plastic relief, surveyor's poles and assorted found objects. Cleanly organized and impeccably produced, Gur-Arieh's panels deal with communication, visual and literal, via the language of direct impulse, indirect meaning, the paraphrase, the symbol, the interpretation. All these conditions for "talking" are illustrated by Gur-Arieh in a poetic fashion as he combines prosaic elements into a series of mythological, astrological and fictional episodes. Wild animals and early primates parallel Prussian cavalymen and a recurring unicorn. Each piece is equipped with several metallic pentagons from which rubber bands are extended into a starry pattern linking the work with cosmological sources. The mystery of Gur-Arieh's mixed-media works is actually the key to their success. The viewer is alerted to consider a variety of possibilities as to their meaning and content. Fact, fiction and the occult are interwoven, illustration and photography are different yet the same, words and pictures contain similar information yet can be understood quite differently. But, at the same time, Gur-Arieh's pictures can become so esoteric that the intellectual synopsis is lost, leaving the observer to grasp only the aesthetic playfulness of the words and objects. (Bograshov Gallery, 60 Bograshov, Tel Aviv.) Till April 16.

LYDIA ZAVADSKY uses the perennial clay jar as her central image in the construction of structural compositions. Placed on colourful, undulating pedestals or hung from ceramic bridges, Zavadsky's ideas are unorthodox and a bit zany in their conception and design. Completely abandoning the functional usage of jars for storage, Zavadsky has lost consideration for their shape, size, proportion and outer glaze. Since the industrial aspect has been replaced by the purely decorative, Zavadsky is responsible for an art form that is harshly funky and deliberately corrupted. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arieh, Old Jaffa.)

SHOSHANA DAMARI, the grand diva of the Israeli ballad, also paints pictures of her Yemenite heritage in a distilled naive style. Carefully brushed and painstakingly rendered, idealizations of the marketplace, prayer house and individual personalities contain the ethnic charm and innocence one would expect from the painterly style and the painted subject. Occasionally Damari paints a more sophisticated picture as in No. 53, a formal portrait of a young bearded man sensitively sketched with a roguish tilt of the head and elegantly attired in green shirt and purple hat. (13½ Gallery, 13 Hadolfin, Old Jaffa.) Till May 1.

rallings formed by erasure gives depth and atmosphere to the abstract foliage of the background. A graduate of the art teachers college at Ramat Hasharon, Barhama is now headmaster of an art teachers college in Tel Aviv. Downstairs, Basra-born Sami Avihud (b.1949, here since 1951), a war invalid who began painting and carving while recovering from his wounds, shows quite large canvases of a symbolic nature relating to man and the cosmos, the Creation, Eden, etc., some of which look curiously akin to neo-expressionist painting in Italy. Most seem unduly naive, but there is at least one large painting "The Emergence of the Butterfly" that works well both in colour and in its vaguely surrealist imagery and which thus establishes a real presence. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till April 18.



Avner Barhama: "Way of all flesh," charcoal and chalk on paper (Jerusalem Artists House).

In good harmonious colour. If Gindlin had showed just a handful of pieces her exhibition would have looked a lot better.

The same can be said of the paintings and drawings of Kiryat Gat's Avner Barhama (b.1956); too many of the latter look like bits of Hans

Hartung and Abraham Eliot. Barhama ascribes portentous meanings to his abstractions, when he should be concentrating more on harmonising colour. However there is one very fine corner-piece which commands attention; a diptych of good colour in which a set of balcony

The art scene



Motl Mizrahi: "The Peace Rider (Futuristic Utopia)" 1987, painted polyester.

Homage to Haifa

Angela Levine

HAIFA IS MARKING the 40th anniversary of the state and its own 110th year with city status, with a large exhibition of paintings and photographs which take the city and its landscapes as their central theme. Sculpture is excluded, save for the bright and breezy environmental pieces by Motl Mizrahi now decorating the entrance facade and roof of the Haifa Museum of Modern Art, the main venue of this show. Heads of "birds of peace," in plum-painted polystyrene, (images derived from the pigeons which flock daily around the Dagon grain silos in downtown Haifa) and a cutout of a giant red sun (a sly allusion to Haifa as the "red" workers' city) add a regional touch to Mizrahi's more familiar, universal images - seen on the roof - of the figure of a pioneer wielding a pickaxe and a winged "peace" cyclist peddling a stationary bicycle, which characterize the artist's vision of a brave, new world.

Inside the museum, the curator has placed emphasis on the concept of the City of Haifa as depicted through art, rather than highlighting the part played by Northern artists in the overall history of Israeli art, a role which in any case would be virtually impossible to isolate or define. Still, alongside the display of some 110 works (mostly paintings, with some drawings and prints), dating from the early Twenties to the present, a few pertinent comments about Haifa's contribution would not have been out of place.

For instance, in December 1957, this museum played host to the eighth (and one of the most important) shows of the New Horizons group; and, in the same decade, the city was the active centre for a collective of socialist artists known as the Protest Painters. The character and style of this group is effectively characterized here by Naftali Bezmen's "Seamen's Strike", which contains all the ingredients of a full-

scale social-realist mural; and by Gershon Knispel's gloomy expressionist painting "Outside the Employment Agency." However, Moshe Gat, another leading Protest artist, is poorly represented by a single, unremarkable oil, whereas, in its place, some examples from his woodcut-series of factory workers would have been more characteristic, as well as illustrating a concept close to the heart of these Protest artists: that their art should be available in a cheap and easily distributable form.

In the same gallery, under the title of "The Artist as Citizen," and thus available for comparisons of style and content with works from the Fifties, are some excellent examples of contemporary "protest" paintings by Eli Shamir, Dudu Me-

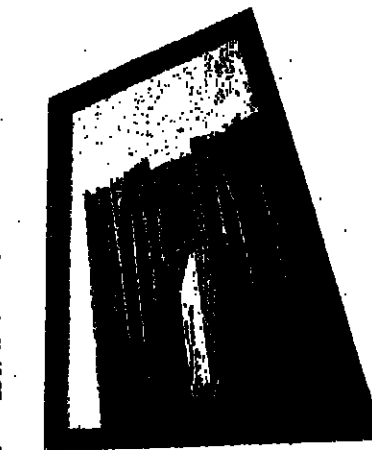
zah, Gabi Klamer and Igal Ozeri, which also succeed as works of art. These artists focus, in mainly expressionist images, on the claustrophobic and soulless character of factories and large public buildings, or else point to the destruction of the natural environment by heavy industry.

Among the most interesting works on view are those made last year in Haifa in preparation for this show by a score of prominent artists, among them Yeheskel Strefehman, Avigdor Stematsky, Aviva Uri and Michael Gross. Outstanding canvases include Moshe Kupferman's superb "gate murals," Ofer Le-louche's glorious seascape and Yehuda Yatsiv's enigmatic ghost-show looming into sight from between two vertical strips of lead sheeting.

AT THE same venue, artist-photographer Abraham Eliot has coaxed a remarkably fine set of photographs of unusual aspects of Haifa from out of his second-year student class at the Wizo Neri Bloomfield College of Design. The combination of professional supervision and fresh talent, as yet unfettered by commercial demands and the necessity to conform to fashionable isms, has enabled these young photographers to establish appealing personal visions. In particular, they have undertaken some useful investigative work: Alon Friedman, for example, documents the pathetic lifestyle of a family living and working on a city refuse dump; Daniel Rheinhold records indiscriminate bulldozing of historic buildings in the Wadi Salib district of Haifa. Some soft aesthetic frames have also been produced: inside a church by Nava Carmel; among the trees and flowers in a local cemetery, by Ori Slinger; and in the gardens and back verandas of old buildings, by Michal Barkai-Joels.

AT ARTISTS HOUSE, an extensive display of documentary photographs preserved in the City Archives trace Haifa's development from a remote oriental hamlet to a full-fledged urban centre with wide-ranging economic and cultural potential. At Beit Hagelel, paintings, drawings and collages made by Haifa schoolchildren, both Jewish and Arab, are also on show.

From Eindhoven to Jerusalem



"Adieu IV" 1974 by Ger van Elk, from the Van Abbe Museum (Eindhoven) loan show which opened at the Israel Museum's new Weisbord Pavilion this week. A selection of international art of all trends, this major exhibition will be reviewed in these columns next weekend.

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Tues. 3rd May - Beit Lessin, Tel Aviv, 8:30 p.m.
Wed. 4th May - Yigal Allon Cultural Centre, Safed, 8:30 p.m.
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Yarzan Escapes; 1 p.m. Eguas; 3:30
Dinner; 6:45 Jesus Christ Superstar;
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In Paris; 12 midnight Young
Frankenstein

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Sat. 7:30, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:30,
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Sat. 7:30, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7,
9:30 Running Man

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ISRAEL MUSEUM Tel.698213
Today 10 a.m., children's film: Short
Circuit; Sat. 9 p.m. My Life as a Dog

JERUSALEM THEATRE
Tel. 687187
Fri. 2 p.m., Sat. weekdays 7, 9:30
Hope and Glory; Fri. 2 p.m., Sat.
weekdays 7, 9:30, Au Revolt, les
Enfantes

KFIR Tel. 242523
Sat. 7:30, 9:30, weekdays 4:30, 7:30,
9:30, Moonstruck

MITCHELL Tel. 227965
Sat. 7:15, 9:30, weekdays 7, 9:45
Fatal Attraction

ORGIL Tel. 234176
Sat. 8:30, weekdays 5:30, 8:30 Empire
of the Sun; Today 10:30 a.m.
The Rescuers

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
Sat., weekdays 7, 9:30 Ironweed;
Sun. weekdays 4:30 Dirty Dancing

ORION OR 2 Tel. 222914
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 8:30; weekdays
5:30, 8:30 The Last Emperor; Sun.,
weekdays 3:45 The Installer

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 6:45, 8:45, week-
days 4:30, 7, 9 Tel Aviv-Los Ange-
les; Sat., weekdays 11:15 p.m.
Brubaker

ORION OR 4 Tel. 222914
Sat. 6:45, 8:45, weekdays 4:30, 7, 9
Shellshock; Sat., weekdays 11:15
Jumping Jack Flash

ORION OR 5 Tel. 222914
Sat. 6:45, 8:45; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9
Strikeout; Fri. 10 p.m. Jumping Jack
Flash

ORNA Tel. 242733
Sat. 8:45, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45,
8:15 Les Yeux Noirs

RON Tel. 234704
Fri., Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7,
9:15 Suspect

SEMAPAR 633742
Sat. 11 a.m. Dumbo; Sat., weekdays
7:30, 9:30 Cinema Holiday

TEL AVIV

BEIT LIESSIN Tel. 218663
Tonight, Fri. 11:30; Sat. Sun., Tues.,
Thurs. 11:15; Mon. 9:30, 11:15 Animal
House

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222758
Fri. 8:40, 12 p.m.; Sat. 7:30; week-
days 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 Fatal
Attraction

BETH HATEFUTSOH
Tues. 5 p.m. Chaim Rumkowski and
the Jews of the Lodz Ghetto

CHEN 1 Tel. 282258
Tonight + Fri. 10; Sat. weekdays
6:40 Empire of the Sun; Sat. 7:25;
weekdays 3, 7:25 Strikeout; Today
10:30 a.m., 12:30, 3:30; Fri., Sat. 11
a.m. The Rescuers

CHEN 2
Tonight + Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. week-
days 8:30 Shellshock; Fri. 12:30; week-
days 3:30, 6:30 Empire of the Sun; 1
Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri.,
Sat. 11 a.m. Space Camp

CHEN 3
Tonight + Fri. 10, 12:30, 9:30, 9:35;
weekdays 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 The Last
Emperor; Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30,
2:30, Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. The Hunted

CHEN 4
Tonight + Fri. 12:15; Sat., weekdays,
7:25, 9 p.m. The Pick-Up Artist; Today
10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11
a.m.; weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 6 Inner
Space

Tonight + Fri. 9:30, 12:15; weekdays
11 a.m., 2, 6, 7:30, 9:50; Sat. 7:25,
9:50 Don't Buy Me Love; Thurs. 10:30
a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11
a.m. The Boy Who Could Fly

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DEKEL Tel. 443200
Tonight + Fri. 10; Sat., weekdays 7,
9:30 Suspect

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
Today 11 a.m., 12:30, 2 Care Bears;
Today 9:45 p.m., 12:15; Fri. 8:45,
12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 11
a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 Manon

DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485
Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45, 12:15
Hope and Glory; Fri. 9:45, 12:15;
Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 11 a.m.
1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 Jean de
Florette

DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
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rette; Today 9:45 p.m., 12:15 Mau-
rice; Fri. 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45;
weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15,
9:45 Hope and Glory

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. and weekdays 7:15,
9:30 Tongue In Cheek; Fri., Sat.,
weekdays 12 midnight Sex film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
Thurs., Fri. 10; Sat. 7, 9:45; weekdays
4:15, 7, 9:45 The Sicilian

GAT Tel. 267888
Thurs., Fri. 10 a.m., 12:15, Sat. 7:30,
9:45, 12; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45;
Note

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of Sin; Fri. 2:30 Les Heritiers; Sat.
11:45 Young Doctors In Love; Thurs.
11:45 Rebel Without a Cause

HOD
Fri., Sat. 11 a.m.; Fri. 10 p.m., 12; Sat.
7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
Tongue In Cheek

LEV I Tel. 288868
Today 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 10 p.m.,
12:15; Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:40, 9:55;
weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:55 Le Grand
Chemin

LEV II Tel. 288868
Today 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 10 p.m.,
12:15; Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50;
weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:50 Tolerance

LEV III Tel. 288868
Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45 p.m., 12:15;
Fri. 9:15, 12:15; Sat. 7:20, 9:50;
weekdays 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 Wings
of Desire

LEV IV Tel. 288868
Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:50, 12:10 The
Reason of Martin Guerre; Fri. 9:45,
12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 2,
4:45, 7:15, 9:45 The Hidden
Fortress

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 260779
Tonight + Fri. 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 6:45,
9:15; weekdays 4, 8:45, 9:15 Iron-
weed; Today + Fri., Sa., 11 a.m.
Dirty Dancing; Sat., Thurs. 12 mid-
night 9:4 weekdays

MAXIM Tel. 267457
Sat., weekdays 4, 7:30 The Skipper;
Sat., weekdays 9:30 Strikeout

NEW GORDON Tel. 244373
Sat. 7:30, 9:30, 11:45; Sun., Mon.,
Tues. 5, 7:30, 9:30; Wed. 6; Thurs.
7:45, 9:30 Shellshock

ORLY Tel. 284025
Fri., 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30, week-
days 5, 7:15, 9:30 Moonstruck

PARIS Tel. 222282
Fri. 11 a.m. Koyaanisqatsi; 1 p.m.
Savage Beauty; 3 Savage Beauty;
5:45 Clockwork Orange; Sat. 11 a.m.
Fritz the Cat; 1 p.m. Monty Py-
thon: The Holy Grail; 3 Satyricon; 5
The Rocky Horror Picture Show; 11:30
p.m. Who's That Girl

PEER Tel. 443768
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30; week-
days 8, 7:30, 9:30 Tel Aviv-Los
Angeles

SHAHAF Tel. 386645
Fri. 9:45, 12; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; week-
days 8, 7:30, 9:30 Moonstruck

Tonight + Fri. 9:30, 12:15; weekdays
11 a.m., 2, 5, 7, 9:30, 9:50; Sat. 7:25,
11 a.m.; Sun. Buy Me Love; Thurs. 10:30
to 1:30, 2:30; Fri. Sat. 11 a.m.
The Boy Who Could Fly

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Tonight + Fri. 10: Sat. weekdays 7,
9:30 Suspect

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
Today 11 a.m., 12:30, 2 Care Bears;
Thurs. 9:45 p.m., 12:15; Fri. 9:45,
12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 11
a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 Menon

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Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45, 12:15
Hood and Glory; Fri. 9:45, 12:15;
Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 11 a.m.,
1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 Jean de
Florette

DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
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rette; Today 9:45 p.m., 12:15 Mau-
rice; Fri. 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45;
weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15,
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weekends 12 midnight Sax Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
Thur., Fr. 10; Sat. 7, 9:45; weekdays
4:15, 7, 9:45 The Sicilian

GAT Tel. 267888
Thurs., Fr. 10 a.m., 12:15, Sat. 9:
9:45, 12; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45;
Nuts

HAKOLNOA Z.O.A. HOUSE
26 Ibn Gabirol Tel. 2593412
Fr. 10, 12; Sat. Tues #30, 7:15,
9:30; Thurs. 7:45, 9:30 The Beauty of
Shin; Fr. 2:30 Les Heritiers; Sat.
11:45 Young Doctors In Love; Thurs.
11:45 Rebel Without a Cause

HOD
Fr. Sat. 11 a.m.; Fri. 10 p.m., 12; Sat.
7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
Tongue in Cheek

LEV I Tel. 258968
Today 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 10 p.m.,
12:15; Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:40, 9:55;
weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:55 Le Grand
Chemin

LEV II Tel. 258968
Today 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 10 p.m.,
12:15; Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50;
weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:50 Tolerance

LEV III Tel. 258968
Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45 p.m., 12:15;
Fri. 9:15, 12:15; Sat. 7:20, 9:50;
weekdays 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 Wings of
Desire

LEV IV Tel. 258968
Today 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:30, 12:10 The
Ramen of Martin Guerre; Fri. 9:45,
12:15; Sat. 7:15, 9:45; weekdays 2,
4:45, 7:15, 9:45 The Hidden
Fortress

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 260773
Tonight + Fri. 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 9:
8:15; weekdays 4, 6:45, 9:15 Ice-
world; Today + Fri., Sa., 11 a.m.
Dirty Dancing; Sat. Thurs. 12 mid-
night 9½ weeks

MAXIM Tel. 287457
Sat., weekdays 4, 7:30 The Skipper;
Sat., weekdays 9:30 Stakeout

NEW GORDON Tel. 244373
Sat. 7:30, 9:30, 11:45; Sun. 7:
Tue. 5, 7:30, 9:30; Wed. 6: Thurs.
7:45, 9:30 Shellshock

Orly Tel. 284025
Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. 7:15, 9:30, week-
days 5, 7:15, 9:30 Moonstruck

PARIS Tel. 222282
Fri. 11 a.m. Koyaanisqatsi; 1 p.m.
The Rescuers; 3 Savage Men; 5
Clockwork Orange; Sat. 11
a.m. Fritz the Cat; 1 p.m. Monty Py-
thon: The Holy Grail; 3 Saturday; 5
The Rocky Horror Picture Show! 11:
30 p.m. Who's That Girl!

PETER Tel. 443785
Fri., 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30; week-
days 5, 7:30, 9:30 Tel. Avivale Los
Angeles

SHANAF Tel. 298545
Sa. 9:45, 12; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; week-
days 6, 7:30, 9:10 Moonstruck

Tonight + Fri, 10, 12; Sat: 7:30, 9:40; weekdays + 7, 9, 10, 12; Sat: 7:30, 9:40; weekdays + 7, 9, 10, 12; Sat: 7:30, 9:40; Withnail and I; Sat: 1 p.m. Rumble Fish; 3 Mad Max; 5 Down the Drain; 11:45 p.m. The Pink Panther Strikes Again	
TAMUZ Tel. 412781	
Tonight + Fri, 10, 12, 30; weekdays 7, 9:30 One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest; 10:15 p.m. Stranger than Paradise; 3 Stand By Me; 8 Last Tango in Paris; 12 Purple Rain	
TCHLEY Tel. 443980	
Sat: 7:30, 9:45; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45 Insignificance	
TEL AVIV Tel. 288181	
Fri, Sat, 11 a.m. Garbage Patch Kilo; Fri, 9:45, 12 a.m.; Sat: 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 6, 7:15, 9:30 Running Man	
TEL AVIV CINEMA THEQUE	
Tue, 7:30 Some Like It Hot; 9:30 Pretty Baby	
TEL AVIV MUSEUM	
Sat, 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 Black Eyes	
ZAFON Tel. 443986	
Fri, 10, 12; Sat, 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 Au Revoir Les Enfants	
HAIFA	
ATZMOM Tel. 683003	
Thu, 10 p.m., 12; Fri 10:15 p.m.; Sat, 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Tongue In Cheek	
ATZMOM 2 Tel. 683003	
Thu, 10, 12 p.m.; Fri 10 p.m.; Sat 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:45, 9:15 Fatai Attraction	
ATZMOM 3 Tel. 683003	
Thu, 10 p.m., 12; Fri 10 p.m.; Sat 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Gity Dancing	
CHEN HAMEUDASH	
Tel. 686272	
Sat, 7:30, 9:15 p.m.; Sat, 7, 9; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9 Can't Buy Me Love	
KEREN OR HAMEHESH Tel. 683443	
Sat, 7:15; Sun, Mon, Tue, 4:30, 7, 9:15; Wed, 4:30; Thur, 7:45, 9:30 Tel Aviv, Angeles; Sat, Thur, 11:30 p.m. 1941	
ORAH Tel. 6840178	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15; 11:15	
ONLY Tel. 381868	
Sat, 9:15 weekdays 7, 9:15 Beauty of Sin; Sun, To Wed, 11 a.m. 420 Thu 11 a.m. Care Bears	
PEER Tel. 682282	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:15 The Big Easy	
RAV-GAT 1	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 6:50, 9; weekdays 4:30, 6:50, 9:15 Nuss	
RAV-GAT 2	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 6, 9:15; weekdays 5, 9 Empire of the Sun	
RAV-OR 1	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 6:50, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15 Balout; Fri, + Sat, 11 a.m. children's film	
RAV-OR 2	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 6, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15 Balout; Fri, + Sat, 11 a.m. children's film	
RAV-OR 3	
Sat, + Fri, 10 p.m.; Sat, 6:50, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15 Balout; Fri, + Sat, 11 a.m. Song of the South	
ROSH	
Sat, 8:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Moonstruck	
SHAVIT Tel. 386345	
Sat, weekdays 7, 9 Sheebuck	
RAMAT GAN	
LULY Tel. 744238	
Tonight + Fri, 10; Sat, 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30 Tel Aviv-Los Angeles	
MOASH Tel. 736992	
Tonight + Fri, 10; Sat, 7:25, 9:45; weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:45 Hush	
ORDEA Tel. 721720	
Sat, 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 Tongue In Cheek	

THE RESCUERS
Tonight + Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 7:30, 9:50 **Blatnick**; Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. **The Rescuers**

RAY-GAN 2
Tonight + Fri. 10; Sat. 6:30, 9:30; weekdays 8:15, 9:15 **Empire of the Sun**; Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. **The Hunted**

RAY-GAN 3
Tonight + Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50 **No Way Out**; Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. **Space Camp**

RAY-GAN 4
Tonight + Fri. 10; Sat. 6:30, 9:30; weekdays 8:15, 9:15 **The Last Emperor**; Today 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:30; Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. **Care Baza**

HERZLIYA

DAN ACCADIA CINEMA CLUB
Tel. 052-567798
Sat., Sun., 7, 9:30 **Innerness**

DANIEL HOTEL
THE AUDITORIUM
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9:30
Ironwood

DAVID Tel. 64076
Sat., weekdays 7:15, 9:30;
Shellstock

HECHAL Tel. 8165
Sat., weekdays 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
Tongue in Cheek

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
Sat., weekdays 7:30, 9:30 **Can't Buy Me Love**

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH
Tel. 842431
Sat., weekdays 7:30, 9:30 **Tel Aviv-Los Angeles**

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
Tonight, Fri. 10; Sat., weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Nuts

SAVOY Tel. 847141
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:45 **Paul Attraction**

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 7:30, 9:30, 9:30 **The Running Man**

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 7:15, 9:30 **Monstruck**; Fri., Sat. 11 a.m. **Garbage Pail Kids**

Cinematheque
Fri. 22:30 **The Witches of Eastwick**, Dir: George Miller; 22:00 **The Doors Are Open**, Dir: John Sheppard.
Sat. 17:30 **Star Wars**, Dir: George Lucas; 16:30 **The Witches of Eastwick**, Dir: George Miller; 19:30 **Yotanda and the Thief**, Dir: Vincenzo Minnelli; 21:30 **Hannet**, Dir: Wim Wenders; 21:30 **House of the Brave**, Dir: Laurie Anderson.
Sun. 18:00 **The Third Generation**, German-Israeli Youth Exchange, Dir: Yehoshua Kuperman; 19:00 **New Orpheus**, Dir: Olivier Rappier; 19:00 **Vein of the Storm**, Dir: D. W. Griffith; 21:00 **Black Africa**, Dir: Louis Malle; 21:30 **Breakfast, Dear**, Dir: Tom Browning.
Mon. 19:00 **Bat**, Dir: Akira Kurosawa; 21:45 **Bye Bye Monkey**, Dir: Marco Ferreri.
Tue. 16:00 **Abdulla and the Wonderful Lamp**, Dir: Akira Mikiaki; 19:00 **Wolfson Garden** - **Derech Ha**

REPORT SUSP

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 091879
Today 11 a.m. Dumbo; 9:45 p.m. No
Way Out; 11:45 9/4 Weeks; Fri., Sat.
11 a.m. Skipper; Fri. 1:15; Sat. 3:15
11 a.m. Skipper; Fri. 3:15, 11:45 Purple
losses of Celso; Fri. 9:45 p.m.; Sat.
11:45 Purple; 9:30 Nadine; Sat.
11:15 9/4 Weeks; Sat., weekdays 7;
us. 4, 7 The Skipper

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
at. 8:30, 8:30, 7:15, 9:30, Weekdays
5, 7:30, 9:30, Tongue in Cheek

G.G. HECHAL 2
at. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:30; weekdays
11:15, 9:45 Fatal Attraction

G.G. HECHAL 3
at. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; week-
days 5, 7:30, 9:30 The Running Man

KIRYAT ONO

COMMUNITY CENTRE Tel. 718657
at. 11 p.m.; Sat. Mon, 7, 9:15; Tue. 8
a.m. Summer Blues; Sat. 11 a.m.
Jamb

RISHON LEZION

G. RON 1
at. 8:30, 8:30, 10 p.m. weekdays, 5,
9:30, 9:30 Tongue in Cheek

G. RON 2
at. 8:30, 8:30, 10:30; weekdays 5,
9:30, 9:30 Moonstruck

NETANYA

OR - HECHAL HATARBUT
Tel. 083-68645
at., weekdays 7:15, 9:30 No Way
Out

STUDIO NETANYA
Tel. 053-388678
Today 11 a.m. Care Bears II; Sat.,
Sundays 7, 9:15 Sun, Mon, Tue, 5,
11:15, 9:30 Black Eyes

BEERSHEBA

HEN
Tel. 71068
10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays
7, 9:15 Tongue in Cheek

**HECHAL HATARBUT (Labour
Council)** Tel. 71068
at. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays
7, 9:15 Stakeout; Fri., Thur. 12
p.m.; Sat. 1 p.m. Bananas; Sat. 11
p.m.; Mon. 4:30 Water Babies

March 8 - 15

Side of Love Affairs, Dir: Andr-
ide; 19:30 Birth of a Nation, Dir:
Griffith; 21:30 Alice Adams, Dir:
Stevens; 21:30 Boy Soldier,
at France

9:50 Nut & Brouillard, Dir:
Bernate; Un Sac de Billes, Dir:
Dellon; 19:00 Memory of a
Woman, Dir: Marcel Ophüls; 21:30
of Justice - Part b. Dir: Mar-
phy; 21:30 Lacombe Lucien,
Louis Malle

00 Crocodile Dundee, Dir: Peter
Jackson; 21:30 Broken Blossoms, Dir:
Ophüls; 21:45 Last Tango in
Paris, Bernardo Bertolucci; 24:00
anger, Dir: Guy Hamilton

00 Kagamuka, Dir: Akira Kuro-
22:50 The Bookkeeper, Dir: Theo
Anopoulos; 22:00 Duel in the Sun,
King Vidor

entertainment - Tel. 724131

92068.08

EYES OBJECTS

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS - Friendship between a French and a Jewish boy in a Catholic boarding-school during the occupation. Recipient of many awards. This is a sensitive and touching autobiographical picture by Louis Malle.

BLACK EYES - Handsome, colourful, sweeping and highly enjoyable 19th-century Chekhovian romance between Italian woman chaser and Russian lady with a little dog, spans the entire continent, features remarkable performances by Marcello Mastroianni, Elena Sofonova and Silvana Mangano, and gloriously sympathetic direction by Nikita Mikhalkov. The kind of picture most everyone will enjoy.

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE - Another one of those mindless teen-age romances insulting the intelligence of anyone chancing upon it. Model kid Ronald Miller, with high grades but no social status or sex appeal, buys the company of class queen Cindy Mancini for a month and becomes a hit with the hip. Good contender for the Silliest Film of the Year in any year. Director Steve Rash is a long way off *The Buddy Holly Story*.

CHEEK AND TONGUE - Candid camera item with Nathan Dattner and Abraham Kushnir (Habatatanim) playing practical jokes on unsuspecting victims. Amusing for those who fancy this kind of behaviour.

his peasant roots. First part of Claude Berri's adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's novel, remarkably performed by Yves Montand, Gerard Depardieu and Daniel Auteuil. The kind of movie to please everybody.

JUMPIN' JACK FLASH - Crazy comedy about a computer operator saving the life of a British agent stranded behind the Iron Curtain. Whoopi Goldberg plays the smart cookie with a dirty mouth and clean soul.

KOYAANISQATSÍ - A panoramic look at life in modern America without any commentary or plot. Utilizing slow-motion techniques and infra-red photography, it wanders from Indian rock paintings to the world of nuclear photography. A totally captivating film-gazing experience.

THE LAST EMPEROR - The life of China's last Emperor, Pu Yi, and through the drastic changes made by the biggest nation on earth from being the most absolutist monarchy to becoming an equally extremist proletarian dictatorship. A breathtaking visual experience, the result of combined efforts by director Bernardo Bertolucci, cameraman Vittorio Storaro, art director Ferdinando Scarfioni and costume designer James Acheson, the real stars of this movie. John Lone plays Pu Yi and Joan Chen is stunningly beautiful as his wife Wan Jung. All locations are shot in China, including the legendary Forbidden City, out of bounds until recently to all foreigners.

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL - The Monty Python team, as medieval knights of the Round Table led by King Arthur, in search of the Holy Grail. The dotty story and character will please nostalgic Monty Python fans.

9½ WEEKS - The title indicates the length of the relationship between a macho stockbroker and a luscious blonde working in a Wall Street brokerage. The couple explore the outer limits of sexual experimentation, with only the cleaner stuff shown clearly, just what middle-class morality would consider bearable outrageousness. Mickey Rourke looks like a tough guy lost in a tuxedo, and Kim Basinger looks better than she acts. Adrian (*Flashdance*) Lyne directs a pretty, stylish and totally vacuous movie.

PICK-UP ARTIST - A swinging teacher with an indiscriminate taste for the opposite sex, falls for a redhead who has to pay her father's gambling debts under threat from the Mafia. James Toback's movie is one of the funkiest, flippiest and funniest romantic thriller-comedies around. Robert Downey couldn't be headed for stardom on the basis of his performance, and Molly Ringwald won't keep her status much longer if she stays with this kind of role.

PRETTY BABY - A photographer (Keith Carradine) roams the brothels of New Orleans at the turn of the century befriending the ladies, particularly mother (Susan Sarandon) and daughter (Brooke Shields). A marvelously photographed (by Sven Nykvist) piece of decadence, stylishly directed by exile, Frenchman Louis Malle, with Shields' pubescent nudity charming part of the audience and scandalizing the rest.

KUBRICK'S a normative exercise in pure brutality, is far more than just an exploitation of sensationalism. Kubrick follows Anthony Burgess's novel in discussing the right to choose between good and evil. If you deprive even the most evil of men, in this case the protagonist Alex, of this basic right, you do not make him a better man; you simply turn him into a vegetable. Malcolm McDowell, in the lead, had the kind of role an actor never lives down.

DIRTY DANCING - Adolescent Jewish princess falls for proletarian dancing stud during Catskills vacation. Early '60s nostalgia combined with Patrick Swayze's macho charms and energetic choreography have made this movie directed by Emile Ardolino a top attraction in the States.

EMPIRE OF THE SUN - J.G. Ballard's gripping autobiographical novel of a boy's escape from a wartime China camp, slicked over, prettified and mythified by Steven Spielberg into an *ET* meets the Japanese *Airforce*. Impressive authentic locations and spectacular photography only soften the blow. No way to treat a war.

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FATAL ATTRACTION — Huge box-office hit in America, yet an unusually unpleasant thriller about an illicit one-night fling that turns into a perfect nightmare when the supposedly liberated lady decides she won't let loving hubby go with a virgin. *Clifford O. Lawton* — Lynne pulls all the stops with Glenn Close as the disturbed knife-toting lover, Michael Douglas as her stunned victim and Ann Archer as the wife who has to settle the argument.

INNER SPACE - Deposited test pilot in a miniaturized and put into syringes, for a scientific experiment, but injected into the wrong position. Amusing science-fiction adventure, low on science and high on adventure and laughs. Owers more than a little to Richard Fleisher's *Panatomic Voyage*. Produced by Steven Spielberg and directed by Jon Dante (the *Gremlins* tandem), with Dennis Quaid, Martin Short and Meg Ryan in the leads.

JEAN DE FLORETTE - An obstinate farmer and his brother-in-law make life miserable for a hunchbacked tax collector who wants to return from the city to

torship. A breathtaking visual experience, the result of combined efforts by director Bernardo Bertolucci, cameraman Vittorio Storaro, art director Ferdinando Scarifotti and costume designer James Acheson, the star stars of the movie. John Lone plays Pu Yi and Joan Chen is stunningly beautiful as his wife Wan Jung. All locations are shot in China, including the legendary Forbidden City, out of bounds until recently to all foreigners.

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RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE — Is the man who comes back to his village after 8 years the same person who left it as a boy to go to the wars? A medieval mystery with moral undertones, effectively directed by Daniel Vigne with Gerard Depardieu as the man who returns and Nathalie Baye as the wife who has to identify him.

SHELL SHOCK - Two survivors of the surprise Egyptian attack on the Bar-Lev Line in 1973 are treated for shell shock and try to come to terms with reality. Story isn't always very clear, but the subject definitely is. Yair Sharon, himself, severely wounded in the war, directs Dan Turgeman and Asher Tzarfat.

THE SICILIAN - A grandiloquent attempt by Michael Cimino to tackle the legendary Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit who antagonized both the Italian government and the Mafia. Cimino treats it all as grand opera, and Christopher Lambert doesn't make the grade as an outlaw Robin Hood saint. Joss Ackland is a very British, but still intimidating Don, Terrence Stamp and Barbara Sukova don't really have a chance to do more than strike poses.

THE SKIPPER — Shallow Israeli melodrama about an estranged mother coming back after five years to retrieve her son living all that time with his father. Yehuda Darkan is amiable in the lead, but no great actor, the rest are awkward at best, including director Yankul Goldwasser and screenwriter Haim Morin.

SOME LIKE IT HOT - Brilliant Bill Wilder farce about two musicians hiding in drag from gngsters hunting them with zany blonde offering assistance. Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon and Marilyn Monroe, who has never been better.

STAKEOUT — A psychotic killer escapes from jail, and cops Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez stake out his former girlfriend's house, hoping he will show up. Dreyfuss falls for the girl, which is highly irregular police procedure, but director John Badham keeps the thrills coming, so nobody has the time to complain.

STAND BY ME - Rob Reiner, alias "Meathead" from *All in the Family*, has adapted Stephen King's nostalgic recollections of childhood days in a small town and the anguish of seeing a corpse for the first time. Four young kids try to become famous by discovering the body of a boy killed in a train accident. There are some nice touches of black humour and pathos but it looks too much like a newer and less successful version of *Breaking Away*.

STRANGER THAN PARADISE - black-and-white, absolutely off-the-beaten-track comedy. A Hungarian gypsy visits her relatives in America, and is stranded with a distant cousin who finds her un-cool because she disrupts his routine. Soon he likes her enough to travel to Cleveland with a friend to visit her and take her to Florida. This rom-com uses an original technique in which each scene consists of only one shot, observing characters from a fixed point and allowing the spectator to perceive the humour of a situation instead of forcing it on him.

SUSPECT — A deaf-mute vagabond accused of murder and public defender Chor, with the help of juror Dennis Quaid, discovers the massive corruption behind the supposedly open-and-shut case. Far too pretentious in its social and political comments, which hinder the whodunit instead of helping it. Directed by Peter Yates.

WINGS OF DESIRE - Wim Wenders' poetical reflections on Germany told with Berlin as its symbol, seen through the eyes of two unemployed angels, one of whom falls in love with a trapezist as leaves eternity for a moment of compassion. Splendid photography by He Alekan, with Bruno Ganz and Otto Sander as the angels. Solweig Dammrath the trapezist and Peter Falk as himself, former angel who has already made transition.

Some of the films listed are restricted
adult audiences. Please check with
cinema.

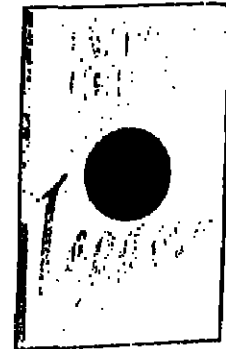
PEARS
CYCLOPAEDIA 33rd EDITION
Almost a giveaway!
PEARS CYCLOPAEDIA 33rd EDITION
Edited by Dr. Chris Cook

A book of background information and reference for everyday use, with maps. Prominent people, introduction to psychology, ideas and beliefs, are just a sample of subjects discussed. Hardcover.
Reg. Price: NIS 41.00
JP Special: NIS 15.00

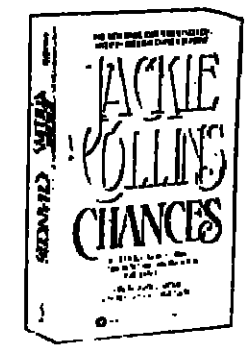
The Jerusalem Post Library - April 1988



MISERY
Stephen King
A bestselling novelist recovering from a car accident is kept captive by his nurse and his biggest fan. Chilling, full of twists and turns and suspense.
Reg. Price: NIS 13.50
JP Special: NIS 11.50



LEGACY
James A. Michener
A vibrant story, with many echoes of the Iran/Contra affair.
A new novel, compact, with the scope of an epic.
Reg. Price: NIS 12.40
JP Special: NIS 10.50



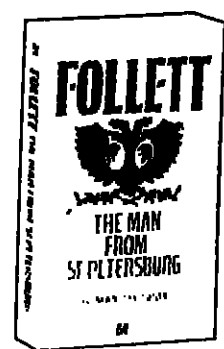
CHANCES
Jackie Collins
The book that made the author one of America's favourites.
A story about father and daughter who fight with passion for what they want - love, sex, power, wealth - and get it.
JP Special: NIS 9.00



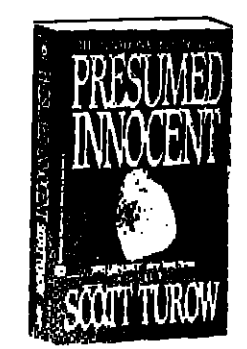
NORTH AND SOUTH
John Jakes
Now a major TV series. Two boys, one from the North, one from the South, meet in the army. Their friendship is linked inextricably in love and hatred, business and friendship, until the approaching civil war tears their families apart.
Reg. Price: NIS 12.40
JP Special: NIS 10.50



SO SHORT A TIME
Barbara Gelb
The novel of the film "Rods"
An intense portrait of Louise Bryant and John Reed, two writers in love with each other and with the cause of social justice.
JP Special: NIS 9.00



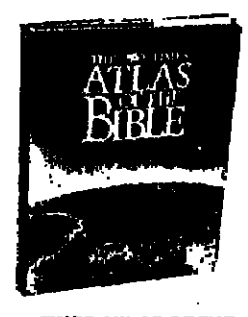
THE MAN FROM ST. PETERSBURG
Ken Follett
An unforgettable novel of evil passion and unbearable love which threaten to destroy a well-ordered world...
JP Special: NIS 9.00



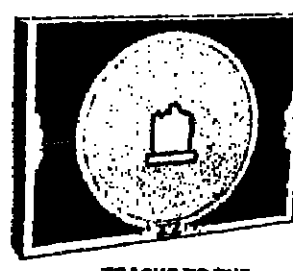
PRESUMED INNOCENT
Scott Turow
The story of one man's all-consuming fatal attraction for a passionate woman who is not his wife, and how his obsession puts everything he loves and values on trial - including his own life.
Reg. Price: NIS 13.50
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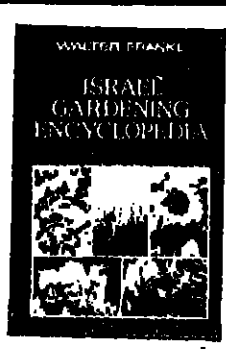
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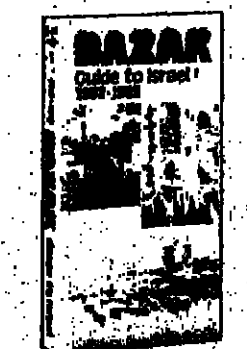
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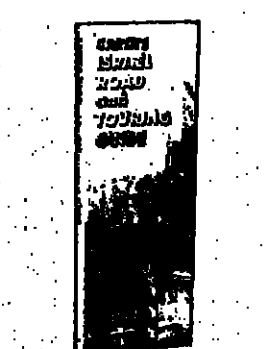
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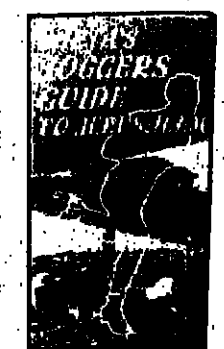
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(Clockwise from top) Blind boy "sees" a map of Israel. Menachem Begin in the Knesset. Negev moshavnik returning home before Sabbath. Georgian olive at Lod. Golda Meir with Marc Chagall at the unveiling of his tapestries in the Knesset.



trial for *Time* and Israel 1956 operation Kadesh (Sinai Campaign) for *Life*.

Since then he has covered all of Israel's wars and the tensions that preceded them. His shots are characterized by great humanity rather than prurience. One of his best-known and most pirated images is his very low angle shot of three soldiers at the Western Wall, taken while lying flat on his back a few minutes after the paratroops reached it for the first time in the 1967 Six Day War. "The unusual angle," he recalls, "resulted from the fact that there was such a crush in what was then a narrow passage; there was no room for me to step back."

A few minutes later he photographed Chief Chaplain Goren joyously blowing the shofar while held on the shoulders of the jubilant paratroopers. He wanted to send these negatives to *Time*. But he recalls that it was his wife and indefatigable assistant Ann who spotted the negative of the three awed soldiers and persuaded him to send it instead.

RUBINGER HAS covered some of Israel's most joyous moments, like the reception for the heroes of Entebbe, as well as bitter internal struggles like the violent evacuation of Yamit. Arabs are treated with sympathy: Arab refugees are juxtaposed with Jewish ones and a smiling Bassam Shak'a sits with the stumps of his legs swathed in bandages.

What, I asked him recently, is the difference between a press photographer and a photo journalist? Rubinger unhesitatingly finds the formulation: The former is someone who tries to sell a specific picture for immediate publication. The latter is someone with a desire to document, to take shots for the future as well as the present, in order to present the widest possible view of events.

Rubinger's huge archive is his palette, his wine cellar. "A good image is like a good wine, it improves with age." Rubinger sometimes uses a motorized lens to quickly take as many shots as possible of a single historic event, using his keen intelligence and artist's eye to make the final choice of image and cropping. Like Arnold Newman, he believes that some of the best images are those made in the darkroom. On the other hand, he is strictly an "available-light" photographer, scornful and scared of artificial lighting.

Are news photographers and TV cameramen helping to feed the fires in the West Bank? Doubtlessly, they are, says Rubinger, quickly pointing out that the communications media everywhere long ago became part of the news itself, often editorializing in the process. Interviewers can manipulate or be manipulated in just the same way as photographers.

He points out that a photographer may pose a stone thrower to get a better angle or light effect, or change his camera angle to juxtapose an incoming helicopter against a PLO flag, but he draws the line at falsifying reality. He points out that many of the world's greatest images were restaged, like Rosenthal's famous battle shot of Marines planting the flag on the summit of Iwo Jima's Mt. Suribachi. The first flag raising had taken place 10 minutes earlier.

"There is no absolute reality," he muses, "but I suppose one simply has to be honest."

Nobody has ever doubted Rubinger's honesty. The images in his exhibition have been collated into a book, published by Nahar of Tel Aviv and will be distributed by Yediot Aharanot.

مركز من الأصيل

If you want to mail an express letter to the People's Republic of China, the Israel Postal Authority can do it - and even proudly promises to deliver it in China. On the other hand, the authority seems to have some difficulty providing daily home deliveries here in this country; 13 per cent of the public already pick up their own mail at "distribution centres" instead of waiting for it to be brought to the door.

This reminds me of a clever observation someone once made: "The Israelis can do the impossible; it's the possible they can't do." Express mail to a country with which we have no formal ties - yes. Regular domestic mail delivery, ostensibly a basic public service - no.

Last week marked the first anniversary of the Postal Authority (*Reshut Hadovar*), successor to the Israel Post (*Dovar Yisrael*), which operated originally within the framework of a Ministry of Posts and then as a department within the Ministry of Communications. In its revised format as an "authority," the postal service is a self-contained economic unit, which is supposed to be self-supporting and non-profit. It no longer receives allocations from the state budget and is expected to operate on a businesslike basis, using profits only to improve service, raise salaries and develop its premises.

The Postal Authority is ending its first year with a nearly-balanced budget, reports spokesman Asaf Becker, while in the past, it always had a deficit. Its active schedule of renovations and plans to raise salaries by 40 per cent within this fiscal year, he says, are based on projected profits. The latter are expected to come from a whole series of new services, which range from selling envelopes at post office branches to offering sophisticated facsimile and electronic-mail links.

Improving its image is one of the declared goals of the reconstructed postal services and Becker, who is both affable and capable, is certainly doing an active job of public relations, proudly issuing an almost-daily stream of press releases about every innovation.

The average consumer, however, has little need to send a letter to Red China. He does want dependable, daily mail delivery.

"We don't say that postal service is good yet," admits Becker. "But we have been improving faster than any other arm of government." The ideal, the spokesman adds, would be to have "daily delivery, six days a week, to every resident's address."

In practice, an increasing number of the country's residents - some 130,000 households - are receiving their mail at neighbourhood "distribution centres" rather than at their front doors. The Postal Authority claims this is the best way of coping with the problem of delivering the mail quickly and efficiently with limited manpower. Becker says the idea is not an Israeli invention, but is in operation in some places in Europe and North America.

The distribution centres are supposed to be located in "neighbourhood commercial centres which people visit frequently in any case," says Becker. (I was unable to pin him down as to what exactly the authority considers a reasonable walking distance to a mail pick-up centre.)

He tries to make a virtue out of this type of distribution system, which may be seen as a worsening of conditions at first, but can be viewed in a positive light: Each family gets a free locked post box at a centre, which offers greater "privacy" than ordinary home mailboxes. There is

no slot from the outside, only from the interior where the postal agent inserts the mail. No one can see what's inside and even if the citizen doesn't collect his mail for a while, no one can be tipped off that his home is empty or a target for burglary. The centres are open for mail pickup 24 hours a day.

Becker even claims that some people praise the postal services for "forcing them to go out to the centre and meet neighbours they haven't seen in years." He also makes the point, however, that for some shut-ins, the postman is their only regular daily contact with another human being. Sometimes a postman is able to alert the social welfare authorities that some elderly or ill resident urgently needs help.

Neither of these claims, of course, concerns the real issue. Mail delivery is not meant to be a goad to social intercourse or a substitute for "necks-on-wheels." Throughout the civilized world, it is simply a basic public service which is taken for granted.

Let one assume that having to pick up one's own mail at distribution centres is something confined to peripheral settlements or farming villages, let me point out that it is making rapid inroads in some of Greater Tel Aviv's poshest suburban communities, Sayon and Ramat Hasharon among them, as well as in the Ramat Aviv university quarter and in the prosperous Moshav Omer near Beersheba. I spoke to some of the residents at these prestigious addresses, and they are not quite as delighted as the Postal Authority spokesman would like us to believe.

"Of course, it's more convenient if the mailman comes to your house; there's no question about it," says one Sayon woman, who lives two blocks from the commercial centre where the pickup station is located. "It's not tragic" for her family, she adds, because her husband, one of the managers of a large retail chain, stops to pick up the mail on his way to or from work.

"I guess the mailmen were afraid of the dogs; there are some pretty ferocious ones around here," she suggests. (Dogs are a nuisance to postmen in Israel as everywhere else, but do not replace economics as the major reason for the change in system here.)

A friend in Ramat Hasharon, who says "Thank goodness, we still have home delivery," is distressed to see the new system fast encroaching in his area. "Why the heck do I pay taxes? All the time they claim they're trying to improve postal service, and yet they are doing away with a basic inalienable right." He would rather pay higher fees, if necessary, he claims, while continuing to get home delivery. A native of England, he charges that Israel doesn't have, and never had, "a mail culture," where people respect postal services.

"Where else in the civilized world do you receive letters with the stamps ripped off, because somebody wants to collect them?" he asks.

Another resident of Ramat Hasharon who has to collect his own mail says he actually prefers the new system: He prefers it compared to the irregular home delivery he had before of "only two or three times a week." Now, he explains, "by and large, we get daily distribution to our boxes at the postal agency office, sometime between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., and we can pick it up any time, day or night." But there is still some irregularity in distribution, he reports, as when the local postal agent is "indisposed."

To the letter



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

By the way, there are urban areas in the country which have neither home delivery nor free post boxes at a mail centre. A colleague in Tiberias informs me that she had been paying monthly charges for an ordinary post box for nearly a decade since her neighbourhood of private homes was built. The area still has no mail delivery although it has long been promised a free distribution centre.

THE POSTAL AUTHORITY insists that mail distribution centres are not instituted to replace door-to-door delivery unless the local municipality agrees.

"In most places we are invited by the mayor, who sees this as an improvement in services," claims spokesman Becker, adding that Herzliya's Eli Landau at first refused to allow the centres, but lately has had a change of heart. (Landau was abroad when I tried to get a comment.)

Mayors, of course, probably now have to collect their own mail as they surely have messengers and drivers. But, Becker says, they must answer to a voting public for what they do. Personally, I doubt if many citizens would suspect that a change in their postal service was due to a municipal decision.

As of last Thursday, Upper Nazareth became the first town to have only distribution centres in place of home delivery. In a trash campaign to mark its first anniversary, the

vate express services to deliver their mail.

Becker himself estimates that there are "dozens of private messenger services in the country today, perhaps a hundred of them," even though their legal status is questionable. Officially, only the Ministry of Communications can authorize a body to deliver mail.

As the situation is now, according to the ministry spokesman, "The Postal Authority by law has a monopoly on the delivery of letters and small packets of up to 500 grams." (An ordinary letter weighs less than 20.)

There are only a few exceptions to this monopoly on letters and small parcels, I was told:

It is permissible for a hired messenger to deliver a letter if he is in the direct employ of either the sender or the recipient. This covers the hordes of messengers on the regular staffs of offices in the public and private sector.

It is also permissible to attach a letter to a parcel of over 500 grams, which is outside the scope of the Postal Authority's regular monopoly.

Another exception is made for the court system to hire outside messengers to track down people in order to deliver a court summons, a court order, or other documents relating to the judiciary process.

The Ministry of Communications has also licensed a very limited number of other bodies to deliver letters and parcels. Such licences today are held only by Egged Parcel and by a limited number of taxi companies.

So far, neither the Ministry of Communications nor the Postal Authority itself has done much, if anything, to clamp down on the scores of private mail messenger services operating without legal licences. This situation may soon change as the Postal Authority itself increases its own facilities for express mail.

TO COMPETE for a piece of the fast mail pie, the Postal Authority has already instituted a new service which it calls "Fast Express" (*express mahkeer*). At 113 branches in 28 cities, a letter or small parcel mailed before 10 a.m. will be delivered to the door by messenger the same day, even in another city. Price is set by weight. From Nahariya to Beersheba, for instance, a one-kilo parcel costs NIS 5.10 by Fast Express.

This should not be confused with the ordinary so-called "Express" mail, which is delivered by regular postmen, and which should really be called "Special Delivery," as it is known abroad.

But even the Fast Express, which requires going to a post office to send, may not be enough to compete with the private door-to-door messenger companies, the Postal Authority realizes. It has plans of its own for a door-to-door messenger service, inter- and intra-city, "a sort of Super Fast Express," Becker calls it. He says the authority will issue a tender to messenger firms in the private sector for a joint venture in this field.

Once the authority feels it can offer the citizens comparable service to that of the private express mail companies of dubious legal status, Becker warns, it will probably ask the ministry to help it enforce its legal monopoly on mail up to 500 grams. The authority also has plans for an "Insured Mail" system for valuables.

Cooperation from the public can help speed up the regular postal system. Many localities today have separate yellow post boxes for in-town letters, and red boxes for all

other mail. "The public has caught on quickly to using these correctly, and does virtually 100 per cent of the time," Becker reports, noting that in Tel Aviv, for instance, 90 per cent of the letters posted in the yellow local-only boxes by 5 p.m. reach their destinations the following day.

Proper use of ZIP codes, however, is not so ingrained. Only 60 per cent of letters carry the code which makes automatic sorting possible. Letters without a code, or with a code in the wrong place, drop out of the machines.

The code should be in the lower left quarter of the envelope, on the same line as the city name.

Because the machines are set up primarily to scan Hebrew, the ZIP code should be placed to the left of the town name. This should be done even if the address is written in English, although this means that the code comes before the city, not after it. Strange as that may look, it has an added advantage: Letters mailed from the U.S. will be less likely to arrive circuitously via an American postal zone with the same code. Many letters addressed to me in an area of Tel Aviv have come by way of Hannibal, Missouri.

Spokesman Becker points out that ZIP code usage can be even more helpful in a small country such as Israel than in the huge United States. There, there are only enough possible combinations of five digits to zoom in on the town, or general area of a metropolis. Here, a five-digit code can denote a very specific neighbourhood, usually one postman's delivery route.

Some 14 per cent of letters are speeded out of the automatic sorting machines because stamps are not in the correct place in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. Also for automatic sorting, there must be at least 1½ centimetres of blank space at the bottom of the envelope, after the line with the city and the ZIP code.

MORE THAN one million pieces of mail are handled by the Israel postal service daily, and about 85 per cent of this is business mail of various sorts, much of it emanating from banks.

On a per capita basis, every Israeli citizen receives fewer than 100 pieces of mail in a year (but that includes children, who hardly get any). The U.S. per capita mail figure is over 600 pieces annually. That is mainly because Americans get so much "junk mail," i.e., advertising materials. We will probably be getting more of this in years to come, as the Postal Authority wants to increase the use of direct-mail advertising.

The Postal Authority is obviously interested in promoting the use of the mails. Each piece of mail represents a profit, not a loss, even though we have, supposedly, "the lowest postal rates in the world" - 30 agorot for a local letter, for example. Even reduced-rate mailings available for bulk are profitable ("We do not subsidize the banks' mail, as some people claim," asserts Becker) because the sender does part of the work by arranging the letters in numerical order by ZIP code.

At the same time, Israel has "one of the world's lowest rates of postal employees per capita," says the spokesman. We have slightly under 5,000 postal workers, for a population over four million. Sweden, with one of the highest rates - and a geographical area much larger than ours, has 60,000 (sic) for a population of eight million.

Low salaries, hard work, and a poor image have made it difficult for the authority to attract enough people to be mail-carriers. It is currently advertising for suitable candidates

of either sex, who must be in good health, have no criminal record, and be able to read Hebrew and English (though not necessarily speak both). Part-time work is available. A full-time job offers a gross salary of NIS 800-900. (The net is about the same today, Becker notes.)

According to a nearly-concluded union agreement, all Postal Authority staffers will be getting a rise of two grades over the next year, plus a direct salary increment, increasing overall wages by about 40 per cent. Improvement in premises also helps upgrade the job image, at least for indoor staff - "Our new or renovated premises look like bank branches," Becker says.

An added impediment to efficient mail distribution in Israel, is lack of consideration by consumers: "On more than 30 per cent of the private mailboxes in the country, there is no name," he claims, basing himself partly on a mail route he pounded on foot one day, together with the authority's director-general Yitzhak Kaul (formerly of Bezek).

Why doesn't the Postal Authority simply refuse to deliver mail to anyone who doesn't have a clearly-written name on his box? "Many people don't want their names on their mailboxes," Becker contends, "and if we would put their names up for them in gold-leaf, they would take them down the next day... For a certain percentage of the public, most of the mail they receive is from the police, the army, the courts, and the banks - and they'd rather not be found."

A regular postman on the beat knows where to find his clients, whether their names are on the boxes or not. "We see our responsibility to the paying customer who sends the mail through us," says Becker, "so we do our best to deliver it."

In Bat Yam, the Postal Authority is conducting a campaign together with the Association for Better Living (*Haagada T'arbut Hadyur*) to encourage people to improve their mailboxes. The two public bodies will foot 30 per cent of the cost.

Even where door-to-door delivery officially exists, there are many occasions on which citizens are "invited" to go to their nearest post office branch to pick up a "piece of mail" (*d'var doar*) which was apparently too big to fit into a household mailbox or too bulky for the postman to carry. This is apart from actual packages or pieces of registered mail that were not delivered because no one was home.

The authority's spokesman was unable to give me offhand an exact size or weight of a package that is too big for normal delivery. But he said that if a citizen installs a regulation, large-size mailbox, he should receive home delivery of journals up to the size and thickness of *National Geographic*.

Paradoxically, alongside the move toward self-pickup mail stations, there is a parallel move to improve service to those lucky consumers who will continue to enjoy home delivery, presumably those who live in centres of big cities. The authority has imported 200 mail wagons on a trial basis for the use of postmen who want to push or pull "he mail, instead of setting out with a 30-kilo sack on their backs. There is also a trend toward providing transport for mail carriers from the sorting centre to their districts, instead of having them take a bus, as has been the practice. And for areas with very heavy mail, there will be a street lockup box, where the carrier can deposit one half of his load while he delivers the other.

Martha Meisels

TOWARD STATEHOOD

(Continued from page 4)

flour from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea by hydroplane and from there to Jerusalem in the potash convoys. So we've been hearing.

April 5. Went to a movie at the Hadassah. Not really that good, but something to pass the time.

April 8. The Castel has fallen and Abdul Kadar al-Husseini, one of the Jordanian commanders, has been killed.

April 11. Dr. Magnes, chancellor of the university, appeared today with a brigadier from the Scottish forces stationed here. We were returned to the lecture hall so that they would see how students are being taught even under these conditions. This is a new version of the Potemkin village, or some of the creations of the ghetto. Received an anti-rank weapon. Not sure where it came from. [The implication is that it had probably been stolen from the British.]

April 13. Terrible attack on a convoy of passengers [on the way to Hadassah] this morning. It's 6:30 in the evening and the buses are still smoking. Anger and pain are felt at once and all we can do, because of orders, is sit here with our hands folded. The conquest of Sheikh Jarrah is the only answer to this total tragedy.

April 16. It seems that the road to Tel Aviv will be opened more quickly than the one between Scopus and the city. They're talking about the possibility of a food convoy escorted by troops coming from Tel Aviv any day now. For *Whom the Bell Tolls*. Why am I reading this book? - I've already seen it at the cinema.

April 18. Reading books. Writing letters which cannot be sent. We are laying mines in various sections. Mines now in place at all peripheral areas.

April 19. I've received a new assignment - my post is now to be the lookout on the Physics Building. From here I can clearly see the Dead Sea, the Judah and Benjamin territories, the road to the Dead Sea, part of the village of Issawiya in its minutest details. French Hill and Nebi Samuel are also quite clear.

April 23. The Seder went well. We recited the Haggada together joyfully, with joy and emphasis on the word "herut, freedom" -

which is also the password tonight. April 24. A nice day combining the joys of the Shabbat and the festival. A pleasant surprise - bags containing "gifts for the defenders of Jerusalem," including a writing pad and envelopes for the men. So I am considered to be one of the defenders of Jerusalem.

2 a.m. Chaos below engulfs my guard post. The battle for Sheikh Jarrah. A rain of illuminated fire accompanies the attack.

April 25. It's a beautiful spring day. On a box of matza I note: "Regards. Be strong and of good courage." We were under fire all night from various quarters. The British forced the Hagana out of Beit Nashashibi and they moved under heavy fire up to Scopus.

April 27. The evacuation of Hadassah has begun. In spite of everything, we drink at a students' party in honour of those who returned safely from the ambush at Sheikh Jarrah of the convoy coming to Hadassah. They had more luck than common sense.

May 4. Sustain a minor wound on my forehead. May 15 is approaching fast. What will it bring us?

May 6. Given a 29-hour leave. I travel in an ambulance bringing three bodies of our men back to the city for burial. They're wrapped in sheets with bouquets of flowers which I cut. I want to give them their final honour.

Jerusalem is in a state of war. This is felt on all sides. Fear, few cars, quiet and some food here and there.

May 9. Interestingly enough, up here we have bread in abundance and even more chocolate than it is possible to get in the city. "May 12. The air is wonderful and the view is unbelievable. The abundant greenery dominates the crests of the hills.

May 13. We've been digging a trench all night. We're breaking up the road as we dig, rather than building. The night lights pick us out and a rain of fire comes in our direction. We lie prone along the sides of the road as the bullets whiz over our heads.

Kfar Etzion is captured (or evacuated?) This is the first site of ours which the enemy has managed to enter. A May 15 gift for the Legion, may their name be blotted out.

This afternoon a Squad of Arabs came within 200 metres of our post no. 3. They appear to be searching the area just below.

An aerial view of the Hebrew University buildings on Mount Scopus.

مركز القدس

PROFESSOR Leonard Dinnerstein earned his spurs in the 1960s as an historian of American anti-Semitism, when his study of *The Leo Frank Case* was acclaimed as the most authoritative work on the trial and lynching of Frank in Atlanta, Georgia just before World War I. Since that first book, Dinnerstein has published a number of essays on aspects of anti-Semitism. What has motivated him to focus on a subject many other American Jewish historians have failed to deal with?

"Because I grew up in the 1930s and 1940s, the peak period of American anti-Semitism, and then studied the ramifications of the Leo Frank case, it has been important for me to find out why so little has been written about the many Jewish-gentile tensions in the United States. Why were Jews so concerned with the opinions that others had of them? Why did their histories keep proclaiming how happy they were in this country and how well accepted they had been by others? Why were many Jews so reluctant to take public positions on controversial issues? Why had conflict with other groups been almost ignored in the study of the American Jewish past?"

The first section of the book contains three essays dealing with the massive immigration of Eastern European Jews; the role education played in the advancement of the Jew, and the Roosevelt era and the American Jew.

Dinnerstein points to the participation of the Jew in American society, but then raises the issue that many American Jews are afraid to face. In describing the United States, he notes that "on the one hand 'cultural pluralism' is celebrated in song and spirit from every official podium, while deviation is regarded as a sign of subversion and inferiority. This schizophrenic conflict," he emphasizes, "affects all American minorities, and to be a non-WASP is to be somewhat marginal and alien. For most Jews who are prosperous, employed and ensconced in comfortable homes, these feelings are rarely discussed, but the fierce American-Jewish devotion to the State of Israel suggests that even in the United States Jews do not feel absolutely secure."

Marginally alien



UNEASY AT HOME: Antisemitism and the American Jewish Experience by Leonard Dinnerstein. New York, Columbia University Press. 281 pp. \$25.

THE GHETTO OF VENICE: A History by Riccardo Calimani. New York, M. Evans & Co. 313 pp. \$19.95.

RETURNING: The Land of Israel as Focus in Jewish History by Benjamin Segal. Jerusalem, Department of Education and Culture WZO. 320 pp. No price stated.

David Geffen

The second section of Dinnerstein's book contains four essays dealing with the Jews in the south. One is an abbreviated retelling of the Frank case, which he labels a "Dreyfus Affair in Georgia." Two essays deal with the methodological

Gates... which shall be opened in the morning at the sound of the main bell of St. Mark's Cathedral and shall be closed at midnight by four Christian guards appointed and paid by the Jews at a rate deemed suitable by our Cabinet." This was the origin of the ghetto of Venice - which has come to be known as one of the most interesting historical communities in the Jewish world. From the 16th century until the expulsion of the Venetian Jews between 1943-1945, the ghetto was a centre of Jewish activity.

Riccardo Calimani has brought together in this work the research of a variety of Jewish and Christian scholars - Israelis, Italians and Americans. Writing in a straightforward prose, he has made the history of the ghetto available to the general reader.

The author deals with the three strands - politics, culture and financial dynamics - which animated the history of the ghetto, as well as with the Inquisition and the attitudes of the church, which were regularly in flux. He explains why merchants were so vital to the general Venetian economy and traces the development of the Jewish community in the ghetto, showing how it maintained itself throughout the persecutions as well as during the calmer periods.

In his conclusion, Calimani writes: "The Jewish culture of past and present arouses keen interest today. For while the condition of the Jew in history has always been precarious, that of all mankind has now become so, in the shadow of nuclear weapons. In this sense contemporary man has become Jewish, despite himself." His final observation is one that hopefully will soon be heeded. "If there is something to be learned from the effort to know our individual and cultural microcosm, it is tolerance and justice for all men and all peoples... Shylock is gone forever."

ONE OF THE ANSWERS for Jews who have felt the sting of anti-Semitism and want to come home is provided in *Returning*. However, Benjamin Segal goes much further. He sees the concept of returning as "a history of a nation struggling with

itself, moving far from the Land while carrying it along, constantly returning, constantly leaving, and always looking backward and forward at the same time, finding the Land of Israel at both extremes." The author has penned this volume as an in-depth study of the concept of our land as it has affected Jewish history.

While this book is a comprehensive philosophical study of an idea, it can also be used for teaching. Segal has therefore organized it in a very precise fashion, dividing the book into five sections: the Biblical Age, the Rabbinic Period, the Diaspora, Zionism and Towards Statehood and Beyond. Each section has a chronological table which provides the parameters for the concepts being discussed.

Segal raises such questions as how the Jews related to a land they did not really possess and shows that they have for centuries been trying to explain how they did come to "own" the land. And why were the Jews, he asks, always trying to make sure that their home was in the land, yet never absolutely certain that such was their right?

In various sections of the work, Segal demonstrates how the concept of "returning" was woven into the liturgy and into the *mitzvot*. However, the divine mandate of the Jewish right to the land continually raised its head.

As the centuries passed, the Jews' concern for the land, even though they did not live in it, increased. Finally, the currents of nationalism and the outpouring of anti-Semitism combined to revive the Zionist idea in a manner none had ever thought possible. Segal traces this development by introducing each concept very succinctly and then citing appropriate quotations to document his points.

The thinking Jew should read this book. For too long we have tried to create aliya by the negation of the diaspora. Segal's work makes it clear that the concept of being in our own land far outweighs any negative factors. In a sense, in every generation the Jews have been returning in body and soul. Now that Israel exists, the theoretical return can be translated into reality.

ON MARCH 29, 1516, the city of Venice passed an edict declaring: "The Jews must all live together in the Corte de Case, which are in the Ghetto near San Girolamo; and in order to prevent their roaming at night: Let there be built two

his way back to Afghanistan. And the demon enters the body of the young wife, and begins to speak for her.

THE SECOND THEME of the novel concerns the demon-infested Menashe, rejected by his family and raised in a hovel by Zilpah the witch, who is immune to demons and evil spirits. She takes the boy under her protection, and he grows up wild in the market places, and on the outskirts of Herat, and is known as a "crazy untouchable."

Mula Daniel takes as his second wife Miriam, a young woman the same age as his youngest daughter, who in time becomes her friend and confidante. Jerusalem was always the city of dreams for Mula Daniel. There, the demons are powerless, and a son will be born to him.

Giving up his position as head of the Jewish community of Herat, Mula Daniel takes his belongings, and settles down in a comfortable house in the Bukharan Quarter in Jerusalem.

Miriam gives birth to a son, but it would seem that all the demons and evil spirits have joined forces here in the Land of Israel. The son is born of a relationship between the young wife and her husband's best friend, Haji Shimon. His young wife loses her mind pining for her lover, who has since fled Jerusalem, and made

past. He goes to Vienna, studies medicine, and returns to Jerusalem a famous doctor.

INTO THE NOVEL are threaded also sketches of Turkish officials, pedlars, and storytellers.

The tone of the novel and its characters and forms of speech are based on Jewish tradition, prayers and legends. The historical and folkloric material used by Ben Zion D. Yehoshua is inserted into the plot in a natural way. He unfolds for us a world, and character types, which have hardly been dealt with in Hebrew literature. The book is a pleasure to read.

POETRY PRIZE

THE RON ADLER Memorial Fund herewith announces the annual award of a poetry prize. The NIS 2000 prize will be given to a young poet/ess (aged 18-35) who published his or her first Hebrew book of poems in the course of the past year.

Candidates may apply to the Coordinator of the competition, the poet Erez Biton, POB 1861, Ramat Gan, until the end of May, 1988. For further details please apply to the offices of the Ron Adler Memorial Fund, University of Haifa, Multi-Purpose Building, room No. 113, tel. 04-240318.

JOHN CAREY'S *The Faber Book of Reportage* (Faber, London, 706 pp., £19.45) is unquestionably a treasure chest, but in the end comes off as a bit too much of a good thing.

Carey, an Oxford English professor and literary critic, admits at the end of his introduction that for "four years I have regularly pestered friends and acquaintances and any likely stranger with whom I managed to get into conversation for suggestions as to what might be included in this book." One can too readily imagine the professor's interrogatories tossing out any suggestion just to get him off their backs. And based on the results, Carey was like the girl who just couldn't say no.

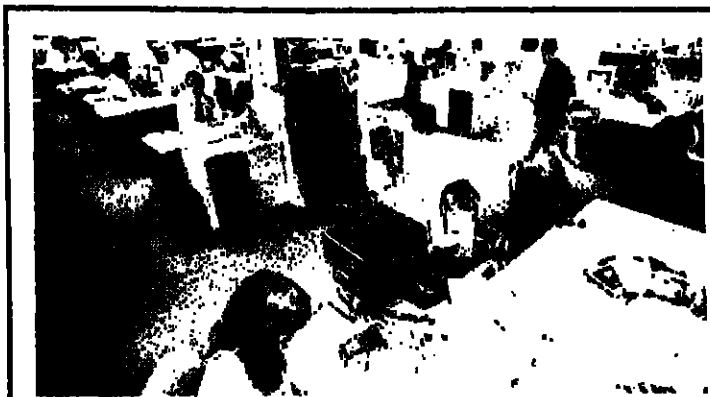
If almost everything in the collection is worth reading, then almost everything can be defined as reportage, which is perhaps not surprising, since the vast bulk of all writing is expository to begin with. To begin with, Carey gives us Thucydides on the plague in Athens in 430 BCE. We're then carried along through the death of Socrates, Caesar's invasion of Britain, the burning of Rome, the siege of Jerusalem (by Josephus), the eruption of Vesuvius (Pliny the Younger is invited by his uncle to see the havoc up close, but declines because he "preferred to go on with my studies"), the Black Death, the discovery of America, Nelson losing an arm, Mary Queen of Scots losing a head, Balclava, the Titanic, Pearl Harbor, Auschwitz, Nagasaki, Armstrong on the Moon and the fall of Ferdinand Marcos.

War and atrocities, of course, grab a depressingly central role in the book, but the multiple accounts of such events as Waterloo and D-Day are especially valuable to have. The last battle reported on is Sabra and Shatila, with Robert Fisk of *The Times* laying the blame squarely on guess which stiff-necked people. Particularly memorable is George Orwell's account of getting shot in the Spanish Civil War, and of Marcel Junod's description of the bombing of Barcelona: "It was atrocious. I saw one of the attendants recover a small blond head. Others picked up what might have been the feet of little angels."

Equally memorable are the little oddities of reportage, such as Gustave Flaubert's patently pornographic description of Egyptian dancing girls (1850) and John Evelyn's fairly fanciful account of a Jewish circumcision ceremony in Rome (1645). But by now it should be evident that Carey's definition of reportage is stretched to unsupportable lengths. Equally wonky is the good professor's proposition that reportage is the "natural successor to religion" because it provides modern man with "a release from his trivial routines, and a habitual daily illusion of communication with a reality greater than himself." Still, neither the sheer nonsense of the introduction nor the sheer volume of the contents can detract from the many fine gems in this collection.

IN CASE you've ever wondered - and very likely you have - why you keep doing it every morning, you'll be cheered to learn that you aren't necessarily doomed to see your golden years dulled by that daily toxic fix of print journalism. That newspaper addiction tends to recede after age 65 is only one of the findings reported in Gerald Stone's informative survey of press surveys, *Examining Newspapers: What Research Reveals about America's Newspapers* (Sage, London, 151 pp., £17.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper).

Stone, a professor of journalism at Memphis State University, also points out studies showing a steady decline in recent years in the percent-



Jane T. Harrigan's "Read All About It: A Day in the Life of a Metropolitan Newspaper" (The Globe Pequot Press, \$17.95) is an hour-by-hour account of how a single day's issue of "The Boston Globe" is produced. By profiling scores of people, Harrigan follows the entire process - from the first reporters struggling into the newsroom at 6 a.m. to the first edition rolling off the press at midnight. A.B.

The Fourth Estate

Matt Nesvisky

age of young adults who read newspapers in America. Aside from competition by 11,000 magazines, cable TV (infiltrating 40 per cent of American households) and videos (aglow in a third of American homes), the chief reason young Americans avoid newspapers is that they find them too hard to read. One predictable response to this phenomenon is the trend-setting *USA Today*, a national newspaper featuring very brief stories, simplified language and huge colour photos - in other words, TV on paper.

Other interesting findings: journalists on average are no more liberal in their political views than the general population; nearly as many men as women clip coupons; about one half of all news stories are said by their sources to contain at least one error; veiled attributions ("a high-ranking government source") increase "intrigue and reader interest... and did not adversely affect believability"; and only one third of the books that literary editors receive are deemed appropriate for review.

Appropriate for instant disposal is a 160-page volume in the same publisher's Journalism series, the thoroughly hilarious *The Television Interview* by Akiba A. Cohen, senior lecturer at the Hebrew University's Communications Institute. True, we all rejoice at seeing Israelis beat the Yanks at their own games, but this concoction seems more a parody of "communications research" than anything approaching the legit. That's because Cohen lavishes his text with more padding than the Israel Museum might require for shipping the Dayan collection. Example:

"A quick glance at any listing of television programming demonstrates the well-known fact that American television, in any given community, presents numerous programmes throughout the day. Some of these programmes contain interviews while others do not. Thus in this context we are not concerned with movies, soap operas, action-adventure dramas, musical variety shows, cartoons and so on. We are also not interested in commercials..."

That's from page 30. Page 31 gets down to *tachles* with definitions like these: "the length of the interview: This attribute refers to the duration of the interview as it is presented on the television..." The formality of the interview: This attribute is concerned with the degree of formality of the interview situation as it is presented on the screen..."

CONSTANTLY wiping my eyes, I ploughed on through this great communicator's sections on spatial, artificial and filmic codes (too innu to enter into here), studies on the kinds of microphones used in interviews, and comparisons of the number and length of interviews on TV newscasts in various countries (no meaningful results that I could see). Of Israel, or as Cohen's book occasionally has it, *Israel*, we are told that "interviewing in the Israeli news occupies a greater percentage of the news time (22%) than in the other countries. This is possibly due to the fact that conducting interviews, especially when they are done 'live' in the news studio or on location, is a relatively cheap and quick way to fill news time."

This brings up several intriguing questions. A "live" interview is distinct from what other kind of interview? If an interview is conducted neither in the studio nor on location, where may it occur - in another dimension? Are interviews in fact cheaper to film than, say, street scenes, tractors or bathers at the beach? Are Israeli newsmen really pressed to "fill time" on TV? In fact, since our open-ended *Mabat* usually runs as much as one-third longer than evening newscasts in the U.S. and Britain, might that not explain why more time is allotted here to interviews?

And what of the fact that U.S. newscasts average more interviews per news item than Israeli newscasts, or that German TV interviews on average are longer than ours? Hah? Hah? What about them facts (snort snort, giggle giggle), perfectors?

READERS do tend to establish intimate and long-term relationships with newspapers (consider who gets the lion's share of your attention at the breakfast table, your spouse or your *Post*?), so it's no wonder that biographies of newspapers are a fairly thriving genre. Not all examples will prove as compelling as, say, *The Kingdom and the Power*, Gay Talese's best-selling life of *The New York Times*, but then again not all newspapers, to say the least, are equally significant.

The International Herald Tribune has never been one of the world's most influential newspapers, but, as Charles L. Robertson points out in *The First Hundred Years* (New York, Columbia University Press, 472 pp., unpriced), the *IHT* is unique in being the world's only successful international daily, and its history is clearly unusual.

Robertson, a professor of government at Smith College, presents a lively (he is much given to expostula-

tion!) story of a lively institution. Founded by the legendary eccentric publisher James Gordon Bennett Jr. for no other reason than he preferred living in Paris to his native New York, the newspaper has gone through a number of bumpy incarnations.

IN A PATTERN that somewhat parallels that of the journal you are reading at this moment, Bennett's original Paris edition of *The New York Herald* eked out a living by catering to France's tiny anglophonic colony and the Henry James crowd who periodically crossed the pond to take the European waters. Its circulation skyrocketed to 100,000 as American troops poured into France during World War I (in terms of daily sales, the Mandate period in Palestine spelled glory days for *The Palestine Post*).

In the ensuing decades, the *Trib*, which never appealed to the Left Bank bohemia and intellectuals (and rarely published their work), subsequently teetered on the brink of bankruptcy. Then, as just desserts for being soft on Fascism during the '30s, the paper was forced to suspend publication throughout the occupation of Paris.

During most of the 1950s the paper sneaked by with exactly one reporter on the payroll. But it did give the world Art Buchwald, and by the next decade, when it was taken over jointly by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, the *IHT* received a new lease of life.

AIMED today primarily at the international business community, the *IHT* enjoys a respectable if not very profitable circulation of around 200,000. Its new headquarters in the Paris suburb of Neuilly, however, is little more than a high-tech switchboard for reshuffling material fed from the U.S. by satellite and computer into editions printed in far-flung cities like Miami and Hong-kong.

But perhaps it's just as well that, aside from covering the Parisian culture and fashion scene, the *IHT* largely ignores its home city: after all, a staff writer in 1967 reported that young French adults were overwhelmingly "serious, highly security-conscious, and quite capable of handling the France of tomorrow." Exactly one year later, the French youthquake almost brought down the De Gaulle government.

In any case, the *IHT* in 1988 is more deservedly prestigious than at any time since James Gordon Bennett was creating news with gimmicks like sponsoring balloon races or packing Stanley off to find Livingstone.

Robertson's history accordingly is very enjoyable, although it is marred by typos and its photos run to boring formal group portraits. Reproductions of historical front pages unfortunately are to be found only in a separate centenary volume published by the *IHT*.

HAROLD A. WILLIAMS likewise provides an interesting sequel to his history in *The Baltimore Sun 1837-1987* (Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University Press, 418 pp., \$29.50). Like the *International Herald Tribune*, the *Sun* is perhaps not a great newspaper, but it's certainly a good newspaper, which makes it rare enough in American journalism. From early days of scooping the competition with carrier pigeons on through the H.L. Mencken years and into the present, Baltimore's *Sunpapers* (morning, evening and Sunday versions) have been distinguished for their coverage of neighbouring Washington and of the wider world as well.

Of course in 1912 the *Sun* did rush into print with the headline: "All Titanic Passengers Are Safe," but then nobody's perfect. Williams, a 40-year veteran of the *Sun*, tells the story, warts and all, with obvious affection, notwithstanding his concern for the future, now that the longtime family-owned enterprise has been gobbled up by the Times Mirror Company of Los Angeles.

TYRO Chicago journalist Andrew Patner provides a rather adoring picture of the veteran radical newsmen in *I.F. Stone: A Portrait* (New York, Pantheon, 174 pp., \$12.95).

Izzy Stone is remembered in this country primarily for his 1946 book, *Underground to Palestine*, and other early Israeli work. He is remembered in the U.S. chiefly for *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, a sharp political newsletter that reached a circulation of 70,000 by 1971, its final year of publication. He is remembered by this reviewer mainly for shoring the unhappy observation during an anti-war demo in Washington in the 1960s that "the girl protesters weren't much better looking back in the 'Thirties."

Patner spent several long afternoons interviewing Stone and came away impressed with the man as a self-taught Greek classicist of great depth and as a political prophet of unusual acuity.

I rather prefer Stone the wit. On one occasion he remarked that *The Washington Post* was "an exciting paper to read because you never know on what page you would find a page-one story." Another time a friend was inquiring just how proficient Stone was with his ancient Greek. "Well, Izzy, if Pericles came back, could you talk with him?" "Sure," Stone replied. "If he spoke Yiddish."

Newshounds

HACK: Home Truths About Foreign News by Ed Harriman. London, Zed Press. £6.95.

ED HARRIMAN, an American investigative journalist working in Britain for Granada TV's award-winning *World in Action* programme, formerly reported on wars, coups and revolutions for *The Guardian* and *The Sunday Times*. In this outspoken book, he tells how his fellow-journalists work and the problems they face. More to the point, however, in view of the current controversy over coverage of the riots in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, Harriman does not shrink a candid discussion of "newspaper" and double-talk or the phoney language some newspaper and TV reporters use to make what is actually happening conform to the comfortable complacencies of news organisations back home.

In the end, "what's going to be printed has to make sense in terms editors believe their readers will understand." This dichotomy produces what is now known as the Chalfont Syndrome, after the ludicrously unsound reporting on the Shah's tottering regime that Lord Chalfont regularly filed in *The Times* and which left the readers of that august newspaper so woefully unprepared for Khomeini's revolution.

Were reporters and editors to drop the usual clichés, clapped-out rhetoric and "austerity tales for adults," Harriman writes, "those people who depend on newspapers and television for their news would be a lot less confused, a lot less intimidated... and a lot better informed."

A.B.

IN HIS essay, "The State of Our Literature," written in 1950, Dov Sadan pointed out that, in the past few generations, the Jewish people and, with it, Hebrew literature in the Diaspora, moved from one geographical centre to another. I would add that Israel has become a centre for gathering the literatures of an unusual variety of geographic regions.

Native-born Israelis seem to be revisiting their parents' cultural background, and their physical roots in the Diaspora. The experiences of their parents' generation, internalized by their children, link them to distant worlds and territories. This phenomenon has, in recent years, been expressed both in poetry and prose. *Portsel Gader* is a particularly vivid expression of it.

Ben Zion D. Yehoshua is well-known for his comprehensive research into the history of the Jews of Afghanistan, for his stories and folktales based on the life of this community, some told by his father - himself an outstanding storyteller - others gathered in his anthologies of short stories. In the present novel, all the motifs of his literary work, his documentation and research, have been blended in the plot and the creation of its characters.

SET IN Afghanistan, at the end of the 19th century, it begins with the

Infested by demons

PORTSEL GADER (Destroyers of Fences) by Ben Zion D. Yehoshua. Tel Aviv, Sifriat Poalim, 203 pp. NIS 15.

Yaakov Siman-Tov

Jewish community of Herat (inhabited mainly by refugees from the north Iranian town of Mashhad, where Shi'ite priests had forcibly tried to convert them to Islam, and where they had suffered frequent pogroms - a chapter in Jewish history still to be told).

Mula Eliyahu Daniel, rich and influential like most of the Jews of Herat, is faithful to the religion of his forefathers, but, at the same time, immersed in the world of fables, demons and fetiches. He lives a ghetto kind of life, and yearns for the Messiah who will bring the Jews of Herat to Jerusalem, the city of their dreams. Later, the story moves to Jerusalem at the end of the Ottoman period, just prior to Allenby's conquest of the city in World War I.

The novel focuses on two main themes. After fathering only girls, Mula Daniel's prayers and patriarchal aspirations are fulfilled; a son is born to his wife Rachel. However, in

מכז'סן'ל'ד'ח'ל

PAUL TAYLOR is regarded the world over as one of the most provocative and important choreographers of modern dance. His work is known in Israel from his company's visits and from those of his works that are performed here, *Epitaphs*, *Cloven Kingdom*, *Digby* by the Bat-Dor company and *Explained* by the Batsheva company.

Now 57, he has written his autobiography. Named after one of his works, the book has as many surprises and is as controversial and intriguing as any of his masterpieces. Taylor gave up dancing in 1974 after a traumatic experience on stage in which he collapsed from several physical causes - hepatitis, drugs, booze, stomach ulcers, a sprained ankle and exhaustion. He got rid of all the ailments, addictions and symptoms, but saw the writing on the wall: his dancing days were over.

Nevertheless, this put no finish to his name and fame. Perhaps it even stimulated his creative impulses. His company has maintained its reputation and his works their power - both those newly devised and those adapted from the days when Taylor himself was the central figure. He says he now shapes his works on the bodies and abilities of his dancers, whereas previously he had himself in mind (justifiably) as kingpin. He explains how he came to change his views of his own ideas through seeing them from the auditorium instead of the stage.

All this is extremely illuminating and the wisdom Taylor scatters through his 371 pages is worth mulling over.

As a child, he was basically lonely because his mother (a loving one) was always at work and his two step-sisters and brother were much older. Highly imaginative, he created two companions for himself: Teddy Bear, based on a real toy, and Dr. Tact Ph.D. (His own father -

Candid insights



PRIVATE DOMAIN by Paul Taylor. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 371 pp. \$22.95.

Dora Sowden

whom his mother divorced - was a Ph.D. and insisted on being called Dr. Taylor by the family.) So far so good; but Taylor carries the 'Tact' idea apparently right through his life (even attributing some costume designs to him in programmes) and certainly through his book.

It is where this kind of imagination plays too much on his humour that his candour becomes illusive, allusive, elusive, and irritating.

Yet for its insight into dance as a way of life, Taylor's text has many pages to be treasured, though his omissions can be disconcerting. He gives many hints of his bisexuality, his love affairs with women (some of them dancers) often too facetiously, sometimes sentimentally; the same

tion about his family and himself: his loving but overworked mother, his step-sisters and brother, his divorced father - useful as glimpses of the unlikely evolution of a dancer-choreographer.

There was no artistic background, though he did start to study painting, but he gave it up and became a notable swimmer at Syracuse College. So how did he get to be a dancer? He explains it as "a flash of recognition... an unignorable hunch."

Somehow he got to one of those dance festivals that combine classes with performance. Martha Graham saw him and said "I want him." He attended classes at her studio in Manhattan at night and the Juilliard school by day and eventually spent six years as a leading member of the Graham company.

About Graham, Taylor is humorous to the point of bitchiness, but he also shows a vast, if grudging, admiration - perhaps even envy. He also has quaint things to say about the Juilliard school and Dr. Martha Hill, but ends up with "I'm proud to be an alumnus."

His relations with his dancers are whimsically affectionate: David Parsons who stayed for nine years, Twyla Tharp, who also stayed several years and Laura Dean, who stayed for one. All formed their own companies.

Baroness Beilschäbe (Batsheva) de Rothschild, he writes, made one of Graham's tours "financially feasible," travelling and working "efficiently" as wardrobe mistress. "By looking at her own outfits, you can't tell she's an heiress - that is, if you don't know that expensive dresses are sometimes the dumpiest." He doesn't mention that because of the baroness, the tour included Israel.

One of his more delightful stories is about a press conference held for the Graham company. The dancers

were asked to answer questions. Requested to define modern dance, Taylor said: "You know ballet? Well modern's just the same, only uglier." He was "excused" from further conferences.

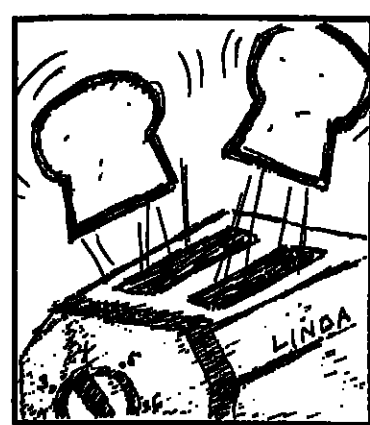
He mentioned dancing in a couple of Anna Sokolow's "fine pieces," but his description of the late Sonia Gaskell, founder of the Netherlands ballet (afterwards the Dutch National Ballet), as "a fluttery lady, full of animation" doesn't tally with my memory of meeting her in Tel Aviv, where she had an apartment. A Graham dancer whom he calls "very special" and "spectacular" is Linda Hodges, who was for a time artistic director of the Batsheva company and is now an associate rehearsal director of the Graham company.

In discussing his *Aureole* and listing the places where it has been performed, Taylor doesn't include Israel; but he does mention a skull he found one day during an outing in Israel.

It is what Taylor has to say about dance, dancing and dance-making that gives value to this exuberant autobiography - phrases such as "the strict and nearly suffocating demands of dance," "no such thing as abstract dance," or "the communicability of dance," and sentences such as "Childhood stamps you with its pulse" and "A dancer's true voice is his body."

Also paragraphs like this: "For a dancer to be able to perform, most of his waking hours must be devoted to preparing for the holy white instant of performance. Preparing your body comes first, your soul second, and your brain an unimportant third. A proper pre-performance psych-up enables you to get yourself on stage without fainting from fear, but once the curtain lifts, there's security and power."

UPRISING OF THE BREAD



THE FIFTH COLUMN Matt Nesvisky

COMMUNIQUE No. 1 from the Unified National Leadership Committee on the Renewal of the Uprising:

1. O my glorious brothers, the long-awaited renewal of the uprising is imminent! But even as we recognize the suffering and distress of a long-oppressed people, your guidance committee must urge continued patience.

Due to circumstances beyond our control, Pessah does not end until tomorrow night, and there can be no uprising of leavened bread for the Sabbath table. Thus we must continue to suffer the unrisen bread of affliction. In other words, don't get any funny ideas - *Halas! No halla* tomorrow night.

2. Bakers may oversee the uprising of leavened bread only after sundown on Saturday evening.

In recent years we have seen individuals especially lacking in self-control besieging the bakeries in anticipation of the renewal of the uprising. We wish to state that such unseemly behaviour brings discredit upon the people. It is more honourable to wait until Sunday morning, at which time you may proceed with dignity and decorum to your local grocery store.

We realize all this means an unusually long period of sacrifice, but that's the breaks. Let us show the world, O my glorious brothers, how hardship tempers the character of an oppressed nation.

3. Your unified national committee absolutely forbids repetition of the disgraceful scenes we have witnessed in previous years at the time of renewal of the uprising of the bread.

On Sunday morning, no one should buy more than three loaves per family member. Nor should householders hurl themselves on the loaves and begin devouring them right there in the store. Shoppers must not pelt each other with rolls, nor duel with baguettes. Save your pent-up violence. O my people, for the enemies of the nation.

Remember, queuing up quietly at the bread counter and bearing home a modest quantity of uprisen baked goods will signal to the world the determination of our people in pursuit of its totally justified goals. Violators of these disciplinary guidelines will be dealt with severely. The committee has eyes everywhere.

4. Further to Sunday morning: The committee declares that all schools will immediately reopen. Instruction of our youth, the pride and promise of our glorious nation, will recommence despite the cruel au-

thorities who enforced closure of all our educational institutions even before the interminable period of the uprising of the bread began.

Our young scholars, each bearing no more than four sandwiches in his or her schoolbag, will troop dutifully back into class and resume their studies with their customary enthusiasm and vigour. They may take comfort in the knowledge that, with all the other holidays and school trips coming up this spring, the remainder of the school year is, as usual, shot to hell anyway.

5. The unified leadership has also decided that as of Sunday all shopkeepers will resume normal business hours as were in effect prior to the season of the uprising of the bread. In other words, all merchants are commanded to get their butts back from Eliat, the Galilee, Paris, London and points west and return to work.

Banks, which have been operating during the period of oppression only in the mornings, are to resume immediately their full normal hours of service, that is, staying open whenever other people have to be at work and closing lunchtime when people could conduct business without sneaking out of their own jobs.

Banks will also resume the normal service ratio of one teller per 10 windows, thus assuring that queues remain long enough to keep teaching our glorious people the virtues of patience. Automatic teller machines will continue to run out of cash, swallow cards indiscriminately and go on the blink as per normal working periods.

All commercial establishments will revert to the standard practice of drawing their shutters on Tuesday afternoons (barbershops Wednesday afternoons, postal agencies Tuesdays and Thursdays, banks Mondays and Wednesdays) to maintain annoyance among the public and confusion among the authorities. No one is excluded from this directive. Remember, the committee is watching you.

Standard non-cooperation with the tax authorities is to be maintained. The emergency committee will continue its clandestine distribution of phoney receipt books and ledgers. Remember, the American Revolution was inspired by a desire to end taxation without representation. We believe taxation with representation ain't all that great either.

Government doctors who were not working during the season of the unleavened bread will continue not working upon resumption of the uprising of the bread. In other words, hospital operating theatres may operate as long as no operations are operative.

6. Disposal of leftover unrisen baked goods: O my glorious brothers, a perennial problem. We remind the people that donations of leftover matzot are not accepted by *The Jerusalem Post* Toy Fund; that mixing matzot in your dog's Bonzo constitutes cruelty to animals; that leaving cartons of matzot on your neighbour's doorstep in the middle of the night is deemed dirty pool in the eyes of the Almighty. We also deny the rumour that the IDF is collecting matzot for use in its gravel cannons, as the *shebab* would no doubt retaliate by flinging stale *plaf* *fishbe-style* at our troops.

In short, my stalwart brothers and brave sisters, it looks like once again you're going to be stuck with a mountain of redundant unrisen baked goods well into the period of the renewal of the uprising of the bread. But be assured your committee is studying the problem. Stay tuned for the unified leadership's Communiqué No. 2.

THE TRANS-ASIA CONNECTION

CALEB'S COLUMN N.D. Gross

SELLING MISSILE technology to China, as Israel is reported to be doing, is something like teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. After all, it is the Chinese who are reputed to have been if not the discoverers, then the first users of rockets as a weapon. This was way back in 1232, in defending K'ai-feng against the Mongols. The people of Israel had little role in missile development before the 1960s. (And then we named our first rocket *Shavit II* in an effort to camouflage the fact that this was our very first.)

The Arabs had a major part in the advance of this branch of civilization, and used rockets in 1249 in the course of their conquest of Spain and Portugal. They were only the third nation in history to use rockets as a weapon. They were beaten for second place by the Tatars, who still enter the news now and again through their objections to being under the thumb of the Russians.

Perhaps there is a hint in tomorrow's *ha'fara*, supplement to the festive day's *Tora* reading, of ancient Israel's missile technology. The young David sings of the glorious fight put up on his behalf by the Almighty, who "rode upon a cherub and did fly; He was seen upon the wings of the wind."

THE HEBREW word for China is "*sin*," a happy misreading of Isaiah's reference to the tribes of Sinal, which happens to be the Greek for China. (*Sin* is also Hebrew for either mortice or tenon, I forget which, by which table legs are affixed to tables, or were before carpentry disappeared as a craft.)

Although there are some who say the Chinese are the Lost Ten (million) Tribes and much has been written in recent years about Jewish settlements in China that disappeared through assimilation or through lack of chopped herring, relations between the Chinese and Jewish peoples have been rare, although China did provide a haven to Jews from both the Soviet Union and the Middle East during World War II. In recent times the most famous link was forged by a London Jew, Morris Abraham Cohen, known as "Two-Gun Cohen" who, after making a fortune in Canada, became military adviser to Sun Yat-sen and then Chiang Kai-shek.

It was therefore very kind of the Chinese to have renamed their ancient capital, Peking, in honour of the Israeli under whose premiership practical relations between our two countries were established. They now call it Beijing, which is only a slight mispronunciation of Begin (and less anti-Semitic than the notorious *Time* rhyme with Fagin).

But there still remains the question of why Israel should help China develop better and faster and more accurate missiles when that country supplies them to one of our declared enemies. Perhaps it is the job of our technical advisers to make sure the Chinese missiles that are being positioned in Saudi Arabia are so programmed that they are able to fly only northeast, to Iran, their proclaimed target area, and not northwest.

If I were responsible for running Saudi Arabia's next war, I'd be just a wee bit nervous about this.

Abracasabra!



Part of the charm of Israelis is that we might snap your nose off one minute, but in the next we'll be inviting you over for coffee. Softies deep down, we are, just like the fruit of the Sabra cactus whose sweet pulp fills its prickly, abrasive exterior. For good reason, native Israelis have always been called Sabras.

That personification is now in trouble. It's not that Israelis have suddenly discovered Amy Vanderbilt or the Marquis of Queensbury, but rather that they've reinvented the cactus. The Agriculture Ministry's Volcani Centre found a way to grow the spiky green things without getting a hypodermic handful, and new smooth-skinned plants are now being cultivated at Beit Ha'Arava near the Dead Sea. That's quite a coup for our agrotechnology wizards, and the rest of the country just doesn't know how to thank them.

Mother Nature is getting quite a face-lift here in Israel, but your friends and relatives overseas wouldn't know it by reading their local papers alone. Make sure they're getting all the news and developments of Israel and the Middle East: order a gift subscription to THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION.

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S.T. Meravi

text as Tenniel's were for the *Alice* books. What *fun* it is to have illustrations in books. Any fool can publish a book full of print.

LARRY happily lends his helping hand to Dr. Robert Clifford's *On Holiday Again, Doctor?* (Pelham, 162 pp., £10.95), which is the eighth in a series of loosely structured, gently comic novels about - guess what? - a general practitioner in a West Country seaside village. Because medicine is presumably a more dignified pursuit than agriculture, however, the pseudonymous Dr. Clifford sticks to true anecdotes from his Somerset surgery.

As we all know, sticking to the truth has the effect of lessening the fun. Still, Tadchester does have its moments, such as when local anglers tangle with a semi-castrated bullock, or when husband tangles with wife over the latest "treasure" bought at auction.

Much of Dr. Clifford's latest book, however, is devoted to his holidays, chiefly abroad, and he is not a particularly gifted travel writer. His trip across the Sahara, for example, is reported in a fairly cursory manner - and yet that was his most interesting adventure.

Even less interesting is the good doctor's frequent carping about the unemployed, the National Health and modern technology. At the

same time, he often turns downright treacly, as when he hosannas the villagers' devotion to their families. Both the grumpy and the sentimental are counterproductive in what is supposed to be a diverting little volume of affectionate humour. Clifford, who retires from his medical practice at book's end, remarks many times on how he is aging. Memoir No. 8 shows this rather too well.

THE CURMUDGEON act goes down much better in Uncle Mort's North Country (Arrow, 127 pp., £2.95). Novelist Peter Tinniswood creates just the right comic persona in Uncle Mort, a crusty old York-shireman who loathes everything modern and revels in sentimentality over the grand old days when everything was rotten. In short:

"What's wrong with the North these days is that nothing interesting ever happens... In the old days life was full of interest. There was always something to get your teeth into, something to laugh at - mining disasters, epidemics, mob violence on the streets, mass unemployment. Henry [fall on the wireless]."

And what's over there where the railway once stood? "A Shopping Plaza and a Do It Yourself Discount Warehouse," said Uncle Mort, and he ground his teeth and clenched his fists. "Do It Yourself? What's wrong with someone else doing it for you? What's so bloody clever about putting up fitted wardrobes? You can never get the coat-hanger rail to

stop in place, can you? You're best getting in proper workmen and letting them bodge it up professionally."

A visit by vacationing nephew Carter Brandon (who has featured in some of Tinniswood's earlier novels) gives the pair the opportunity to motor about the countryside and thus allow Mort to expiate on all and sundry.

A secondary strain of humour is clearly of the absurdist stripe (as when Mort wonders aloud who invented the ashtray and concludes, apropos nothing, "Most likely the same bloke as invented the soup spoon") and a tertiary strain is found in the deft descriptive passages (e.g., a town full of "sullen privets and grumbling pavements"). The only clinker is the illustrations by John Ireland, competent but too literal - and too reminiscent of Mort Drucker of *Mad* magazine. Otherwise, *Uncle Mort* is a delight.

MALCOLM BRADBURY draws on his skills as comic novelist and academic to produce. Why Come to Slaka? (Arena, 110 pp., £2.95), a send-up of foreign guide and phrase books. This one centres on the mythical East European country Bradbury invented for that delightful 1983 romp, *Rules of Exchange*. Slaka is the sort of country that makes Albania seem a roaring success; and the guide book will be all too familiar to intrepid travellers. Here's a taste from the History and Geography section:

"Equidistantly placed between the Baltic and the Adriatic, the Danube and the Blub, Slaka itself may still properly claim its ancient title as the central city of the universe. Stretched out as they are

between northern plain and Alpine mont, alluvial plainland to sea-girt salted coast, our people may think themselves truly favoured. To them belongs a heritage of variousness. A land of infinite variables and unpredictable contrastables, the Slakan Peoples Republic may claim to be the melting pot of all human life. Here the oriental caravanserai of the great Silk Roads with their accompaniments of Tartar hordes made their way to the westward, to encounter the Crusader armies of the West. In consequences, here was war and trade. Here scimitar struck blunderbuss, and spice and silk traded for manufactured tricket and mechanistic geargaw. Known as the 'cultural crossroads,' and also the 'bloody battlefield (to' stoil incard'ninu) of Middle Europe,' Slaka may count itself fortunate, not to say lucky, for what has been done it."

In short, Bradbury has been done it wonderfully. Illustrations are via very sly photographs, and deserve a credit.

WEIRDST offering of the humour lot is a cartoon book, Gray Jolliffe's *Christmas Already Again Yet* (Arrow, unpagged, £3.95). The rather awkward title arises from the fact that (1) this is an update of a 1978 volume called *Christmas Already*, and that (2) this is the Jewish yuletide jokebook. Presumably this should offend everybody and appeal to nobody, but that shows how much I know about publishing. The jokes are fairly predictable, the drawings rather sweet (I especially like Santa's reindeer). It's all basically harmless and, as noted, quite weird enough to have merited expansion and reprinting year after year.

מכזאמן האדם